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The Treaty of Versailles and After—I

The Ordeal of Peacemaking

By LORD RIDDELL

Lord Riddell—who in November, 1918, was appointed to represent the London and provincial newspapers at the Peace Conference in Paris—describes here the chief personalities and incidents connected with the Versailles Treaty; later speakers, representative of different nationalities and points of view, will explain its terms and examine them in the light of present circumstances

THE Conference opened on January 18, 1919, in an atmosphere of tension and excitement. Paris was crowded by delegates representing the Allies. Most of the delegations were vast affairs, comprising numerous Ministers and experts, civil, naval and military, together with their cortège of secretaries, clerks and typists. The British and American delegations each numbered nearly 400. Every delegation had the exclusive use of one or more hotels. Consequently there was a serious shortage of accommodation for the myriads of journalists, wire-pullers and sight-seers who had descended on Paris.

The opening meeting took place at the French Foreign Office—a palatial building on the Quai d'Orsay. It was an impressive scene—the greatest and most important international conference ever held. One felt that its responsibilities and possibilities were stupendous. Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey and Bulgaria were absent, but colour and drama were imparted to the proceedings by picturesque representatives from India, China, Japan and the Arab States. It looked as if all the great ones of the earth had been gathered together.

Clemenceau, the famous Prime Minister of France, nicknamed 'The Tiger'—short and sturdy, with eyes that glowed like furnaces—was in the chair. Although seventy-seven, he spoke with great energy, skill and determination,

rather like a human machine-gun. Sometimes on important occasions trivial things fix the onlooker's attention. Clemenceau wore grey suede gloves to conceal the eczema on his hands. When recalling this important conference, I always remember how strange they looked.

Great Britain was represented by Lloyd George, Balfour, Bonar Law and Barnes; Canada by Borden; Australia by Hughes; New Zealand by Massey; South Africa by Botha and Smuts; India by the Maharajah of Bikanir and Sastri. Lloyd George hardly requires much description. His charm of manner, energy, subtlety, and powers of speech and action are well known. He never shone more brilliantly than at a conference. He had all the gifts required for such an occasion. Balfour looked wise and distinguished—as he was: a perfect English gentleman. Bonar Law shrewd, businesslike and kindly. Barnes benevolent and capable.

President Wilson attracted much attention. A special chair decorated with gold was provided for his use. He was tall, thin and lantern-jawed, with a strong, clear voice and an American accent. He wore *pince-nez*, and looked very much what he was—a combination of professor, lawyer and politician. He was an excellent speaker and writer, concise and to the point. When his portrait was being painted by Sir William Orpen, I had an interesting little chat with him, something like this:

PRESIDENT: I see that he has given me two good

lappets [pointing to the bottom of his jaws, shown in the picture as full and overhanging]. I don't know whether I look like that.

RIDDELL: I think that most of you people who have to speak so much develop a good deal of muscle in that region.

PRESIDENT: You rather suggest that this is one of the penalties of loquacity.

RIDDELL: No one would call you loquacious. You are one of the most succinct speakers and never waste a word.

PRESIDENT (looking pleased): My father taught me to be brief and to cut down every redundancy. It was a valuable lesson.

The President said of himself that he had 'a single-track mind with no sidings'. He certainly was a single-track worker. He even typed his own despatches. Early in the Conference he telephoned for his typewriter. We conjured up visions of a beautiful American stenographer, but in a short time a messenger appeared with a battered typewriter on a tray. It was placed in a corner of the Conference room and the President proceeded to tap out a long memorandum. When expounding his conceptions of peace and the avoidance of future wars he was in his element, but made the fatal blunder of not inviting some of his political opponents to accompany him to Paris.

Italy was represented by the genial Orlando, who left Paris at the end of April because he was of opinion that Italian claims were being insufficiently recognised. Shortly before he went I was standing outside President Wilson's house at which a meeting of the committee was taking place. I saw Orlando at one of the windows, apparently weeping. When Lloyd George came out, I said, 'Evidently you people have been putting it over poor Orlando. Have you decided against the Italian claims? Orlando looked as if he were weeping'. Lloyd George said, 'He was overcome by a speech I made. It was a touching scene. He began to gulp, and then got up and walked to the window and regularly broke down. Wilson was very touched. He went and shook him by the hand'.

At the opening meeting Poincaré, Lloyd George and President Wilson all made excellent speeches. The proceedings did not last long. A course of action had already been decided upon at an informal meeting of the heads of the Great Powers. It was resolved that peace-making should be relegated to a committee of ten, afterwards reduced to four, and then to three—Clemenceau, Lloyd George and President Wilson.

Invaluable services were rendered to the committee by Sir Maurice Hankey, one of the Conference secretaries—a remarkable man. Formerly an officer in the Marines, he became Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence and later of the Cabinet. His knowledge of all that appertained to the war and the peace was unique. He was short, sturdy, and businesslike, with a high domed forehead, brilliant searching blue eyes and pleasant manners.

One of Lloyd George's chief assistants was Philip Kerr, now Lord Lothian, who epitomised the masses of official papers submitted to his chief and wrote reams of memoranda for the use of the committee.

Much of the ground had been covered already by the Armistice arranged by Foch and signed on November 11, 1918. This provided, among other things, for the unconditional evacuation of allied territories and for the surrender of German war material, the German Navy and vast quantities of rolling stock. Peace terms had been carefully studied and prepared by groups of French, British and American experts, who, from day to day, laid their proposals before the peace-making committee. The committee worked with great vigour. No men ever worked harder or with more sincerity according to their respective lights. They met almost daily, usually at the Quai d'Orsay. The heat of the rooms was terrible. Clemenceau would never have a window open. President Wilson and Lloyd George found the absence of fresh air most trying. The

ordeal of peacemaking was a devastating strain. Clemenceau and Lloyd George survived because they slept well, delegated their work and did not worry overmuch. Wilson killed himself with overwork and worry.

Foch, a slight wiry figure, attended on more than one occasion. It was interesting to see him arguing with Lloyd George and other delegates as they walked downstairs, his eager face alight and his head bent forward in his anxiety to emphasise his points.

Botha, a big, calm, wise man, made a great impression. At one of the private meetings he delivered a dramatic speech, describing why he was loyal to the British Empire. President Wilson told me that it was one of the most moving and affecting speeches he had ever heard. Botha had a strong sense of humour. He told me that early in the war a friend sent him a cartoon showing a dog pursuing a cat, the inscription being, 'Life is one damn thing after another'. He said, 'I enjoyed that cartoon. It was so appropriate'.

Hughes of Australia became famous for his humorous sarcasm. On one occasion, when discussing the territories to be placed under Australia's rule, he was asked, 'Do you object to the prohibition of slavery and the sale of strong drink?' He replied, 'No'. He was then asked, 'Are you prepared to receive missionaries?' He said, jokingly, 'Of course. The natives are very short of food and for some time past they have not had enough missionaries!'

Borden, the Canadian representative, was a handsome person, with a deep voice, calm and deliberate in his manners and sound in his judgment. He was very popular with the other delegates and had a passion for ecclesiastical architecture. Whenever he could get away, he occupied the time by visiting a cathedral.

Massey of New Zealand was a fine-looking man, rather like a successful Scottish farmer. He had good judgment and his opinion was much valued by his colleagues.

Differences of opinion were speedily manifest, and the situation was made more complicated by Wilson's insistence upon an immediate consideration of the League of Nations Covenant. It should, however, be noted that the plan for the League of Nations was a British production, due to Smuts and Lord Phillimore. Lloyd George said that Smuts' paper on the subject was the ablest state paper he had seen during the war. It contained one illuminating phrase: 'Mankind are on the march. You cannot say where they are going'. Lloyd George gave the plan to President Wilson, who promptly adopted it.

Smuts was a striking figure—a soldier-lawyer, distinguished in both capacities. At the end of the War Winston Churchill described him as 'the only unwounded statesman of outstanding ability in the Empire', by which he meant the only one who was fresh and bright, unscathed mentally and physically. Smuts had a fine head, beautiful hands and piercing blue eyes. He was very courteous and had a clear direct mind. He thought the peace terms too stringent, and favoured substantial concessions to the Germans. But this is anticipating. It is no part of my task to describe the differences that arose or the manner in which they were settled. My part is confined to giving an informal account of the peace-making as I saw it, avoiding as much as possible details already published.

About the middle of February both Lloyd George and President Wilson had to go home on urgent business. They were away for a month. During their absence Clemenceau was shot through the lung by a madman. He made a wonderful recovery and was back at the Conference in a few weeks. The delay in settling the draft treaty caused much unfavourable comment, due in some measure to the desire of the committee to keep their proceedings secret—a practice vigorously opposed and criticised by the Press. Lloyd George was much perturbed by the delay. Consequently at the end of March he went to Fontainebleau, accompanied by a select party of military and economic experts, and there drafted terms of

peace for submission to the committee. The committee attacked the problem with renewed vigour. By April 25 the terms were ready to be handed to the Germans. The ceremony took place on May 7 in the spacious coffee-room of the Trianon Palace Hotel, Versailles, decorated in white throughout, with great windows opening on to beautiful gardens, in which the trees stood dressed in fresh spring green.

The German delegates took off their hats and coats in the ante-room. It was interesting to see these being numbered and placed among the garments of the Allied representatives. In the middle of the top table sat Clemenceau; on his right President Wilson; on his left Lloyd George, Balfour, Bonar Law and Barnes. Paderewski, one of the last delegates to enter, looked, with his shock of hair, very much like the conventional British lion. When all were seated there was a pause. Then the chief attendant announced the German delegates. As the Germans walked in, after a moment's hesitation everyone stood up. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the chief German delegate, looked ill, drawn and nervous. He walked with a slight limp. His face was covered with beads of perspiration. The Germans being seated, Clemenceau rose and began the proceedings in his usual business-like way. Everyone felt that his speech was appropriate to

the occasion—not a word too much or too little. He gave no evidence of nervousness. After his speech had been interpreted into English by Professor Mantoux, the celebrated interpreter of the Peace Conference, M. Dutasta—one of the Conference secretaries, short, thick-set, and bald-headed—suddenly emerged, walked rapidly across the room and handed the Treaty to Brockdorff-Rantzau, who received it with a stiff little bow, and placed it quietly on the table at his left side. Clemenceau enquired whether anyone wished to speak. Thereupon Brockdorff-Rantzau put up his hand like a schoolboy and, remaining seated, began to read his speech, which was interpreted sentence by sentence, first in French and then in English. The Count's manner and the tone of his speech seriously annoyed the

Allied delegates. Clemenceau impatiently tapped the table with an ivory paper-knife. President Wilson impatiently toyed with a pencil. Lloyd George pressed his paper-knife on the table with such vigour that it broke. When the Count had concluded his speech, Clemenceau abruptly declared the proceedings at an end. It was interesting to see Foch marching down the side corridor, smoking a cigar, and smiling as much as to say, 'I told you these Germans were unrepentant and now what I said has been proved'.

President Wilson said to me as we walked out of the

Conference, 'The Germans are really a stupid people. They always do the wrong thing. They always did the wrong thing during the War. That is why I am here. They don't understand human nature. This is the most tactless speech I have ever heard. It will set the whole world against them'.

I arranged for the preparation of a summary of the terms and had it cabled all over the world. It ran to about 10,000 words.

The delivery of the terms to the Germans was followed by an interchange of Notes. The first German Note was of prodigious length—about 65,000 words. It took Lloyd George all day to read it. The last but one of the German Notes arrived at about six in the morning on June 23. It asked for forty-eight hours' further time in which to consider the terms.

Hankey and Dutasta took the Note to Lloyd George's residence, but could make no one hear. Then they went to President Wilson's and succeeded in waking him through the medium of Admiral Grayson, his doctor. A detective was stretched on the mat outside the bedroom door. They had to wake him with great caution as he was armed with a revolver. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were in bed. The President got out of bed and said, 'It is cold here. Come into my bathroom, which is warmer'. This they did, and Wilson read and discussed the Note seated on the edge of the bath. The Committee met at 9 o'clock and replied saying that no further extension could be granted. At 4.30 p.m. the last German Note

(Continued on page 627)



The Signing of Peace in the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, June 28, 1919
Painting by Sir William Orpen

Front: Dr. Johannes Bell (Germany) signing, with Herr Hermann Müller leaning over him
Middle row (seated, left to right): General Tasker H. Bliss, Col. E. M. House, Mr. Henry White, Mr. Robert Lansing, President Woodrow Wilson (United States); M. Georges Clemenceau (France); Mr. D. Lloyd George, Mr. A. Bonar Law, Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, Viscount Milner, Mr. G. N. Barnes (Great Britain); the Marquis Saionji (Japan).

Back row (left to right): M. Eleutherios Venizelos (Greece); Dr. Afonso Costa (Portugal); Lord Riddell (British Press); Sir George E. Foster (Canada); M. Nikola Pachitch (Serbia); M. Stephen Pichon (France); Col. Sir Maurice Hankey, Mr. Edwin S. Montagu (Great Britain); the Maharajah of Bikanir (India); Signor Vittorio Emanuele Orlando (Italy); M. Paul Hymans (Belgium); General Louis Botha (South Africa); Mr. W. M. Hughes (Australia)

By courtesy of the Imperial War Museum



A Saskatchewan Ranch

Problems of a Canadian Prairie Farmer

By SIR RAYMOND UNWIN

Impressions of life in the Middle West, gained on a recent tour in Canada and the United States

TO reach one of the farms in the prairie district of Saskatchewan you alight at a wayside station from the transcontinental trains, after a 50 hours' journey from Montreal. There is found a typical small town consisting of a cluster of wooden houses, a street, or perhaps two, of shops ill-assorted in size and character, an hotel of sorts, and one or two places of worship. In the wheat districts the most prominent objects are the tall grain elevators of two or three of the chief dealers, which stand up as prominent features in the generally level landscape. Unlike the almost billiard-table flatness of the black soil wheatlands further east, the prairie country, though generally level, has a hummocky surface, having been more eroded by ice, rain and wind. The general level, however, prevails, and the grain elevators form landmarks for many miles round. The country is all mapped in squares of one mile, the road line reservations and the streets in the towns following generally one or other of the two directions at right angles. Indeed the change of a road line to accord better with the contours of a valley or small eminence involves considerable difficulty. The railway has not, however, always stuck to these lines; consequently some of the little wayside towns have their streets set at an awkward angle with the line. Most journeys by road involve travelling two sides of the triangle, diagonal ways being very rare.

The roads are little better than theoretical reservations with the earth scraped up from the edge to the centre to allow rain to run off. In the drive of 50 miles or so from the station to the farm we were visiting, snowdrifts nearly up to the axle of the car alternated with ruts nearly bringing the axle down to the road. In places the unrutted field offered better going than the road. Little better is found in the smaller towns; duck-board footways being the first sign of increasing importance.

About eight miles from the farm a small hamlet was passed at a branch line station. This is their nearest link with the outside world; thence letters and newspapers are fetched, when anyone from one of the few neighbouring farms has occasion to go, or thinks they may be worth a special journey of 16 miles. This farm is fortunate in having two railways within reach; in many cases instead of 8 miles there might be a journey of 80 miles to the railway.

Life on a prairie farm is full of interest and surprises. The area is extensive; this one consisted of two square miles of land partly in the coulee or valley formed by the stream, and partly on the level plateau above. The original log cabin, still in occupation on many of the farms, had here given place to the frame house seen in the photograph which the owner and his son had built. The former, by the way, was a qualified member of the Surveyors Institution before he went to Canada; he is a great reader and the house was well stocked with books of all kinds. The house consists of a living room, kitchen, larder and three bedrooms over. A broad couch in the living room serves for an extra casual visitor; hospitality to wandering folk is a necessary condition of life in such a country. A small cellar accessible through a trap-door in the kitchen floor preserves stores alike from frost and excessive heat. The range of temperature is from 50 degrees or more below zero to 100 or more above. The latitude is about the same as that of Havre, and the clear air allows the sun great power in the summer. The early winter gave us experience of zero but not much below, though 58 below has since been reached. At this temperature fetching the water from the spring for the house and the beasts is cold work; and dependence on a kettle for any warm water effectively seconds the cleaner air in suggesting that washing is a habit that may be overdone! The cattle managed to stay out through this early cold spell, but simple shelters padded with straw are built in which they take refuge when it is really cold.

A large stove for wood or brown coal in the living-room, kept burning at night in cold weather, keeps that room quite warm—often warmer than English folk quite like; and it takes the worst chill off the rooms above. Another in the kitchen serves to heat that room by day and for cooking, bread baking, and heating any warm water needed. The house is innocent of plumbing or sanitary appliances, and lamps or candles provide the light. The men assist in the housework, but when they are out on the land the women folk must work hard. At night the silence outside is a thing to be heard! Inside the radio gives the only sense of connection with the outer world. After our mid-day meal on November 9 we heard the speech which the Prime Minister delivered at the Lord Mayor's banquet, speaking many hours later by his time. Apart from that and a few similar interesting occasions, listening to the wireless

items, most of which came from American stations, made us devoutly thankful for our B.B.C. and their carefully considered programmes. Traders no doubt do trace advantage from the advertisement system of paying for the items; but after hearing pills and face powders, beauty creams and tooth pastes, repeatedly puffed before and after each item, I felt no inclination to purchase any of them! Indeed very often the peace when the sound was turned off was the most positive pleasure derived from it. The Canadian Broadcasting Company would, I was told, like to curtail or abolish this advertising; but having a 3,000 mile frontier to the U.S.A. over which the American advertisers of their goods can flood the air, it is too much to ask the Canadian traders to resign the field to their competitors. Hence, if the reform is to be secured, the two countries must co-operate. Unless, indeed, the irritation due to repetition should in time destroy the advertising value of this expedient. As things are, however, it is sad to think that so poor a use is being made of what might afford such practical help, cultural stimulus and amusement to the thousands of homes scattered over that vast land, otherwise often for weeks and months out of touch with the world. In the scattered schools, where 20 or 30 scholars of all ages assemble from miles round, and one teacher has to wrestle with all grades, there would seem to be another great opening for wireless lessons.

The district we were in had suffered from drought; it is a dry country at best, averaging only 10 inches of rain, or about half that of our eastern counties. The plague of grasshoppers which last year devoured all green things in a neighbouring district had passed by with little damage. During a snowstorm when the flakes were drifting thickly across a light patch of sky, a local farmer remarked, 'that looks just like the flight of grasshoppers as I saw them go by last summer'. It is hoped that the long and severe winter may have killed the larvae, otherwise a return of the plague is dreaded.

The long depression, bringing low prices and small demand for produce even when offered at nominal rates, has reduced the farming areas to a remarkable state of penury. No one seems to expect interest, or instalments on purchase of farms, to be paid; many cannot raise enough to pay the taxes, and a condition marked by the almost complete absence of money prevails. Those who have produce of any kind are not short of food. We were fed on turkeys, the price obtainable for them not justifying the sending of them to market. To help matters an informal custom of barter has taken the place of money. One farmer will kill a sheep, half will be taken to the little town and exchanged with the store keeper for a supply of

local produce. But they have the utmost difficulty in obtaining here and there a dollar to pay for tools and other necessities not grown locally.

The farm is situated in this extra deep and wide coulee or stream valley, part of the Swift Current series which extends for a hundred miles or more. The name presumably was given



Frame house built by the farmer and his son to replace the original log cabin

because the stream does occasionally break from a walk into a gentle run. On the sheltered side there are several good copses of trees. Apart from this it is a treeless country and on the return West not a tree was seen from the train for a great distance.

Quite complicated instances of indirect exchange are worked by barter. One farmer, A, having no money, needed help to put his corn up in stooks. The most available helper was willing to take payment in firewood for the winter. No trees, however, grew on A's farm, so he went to Farmer B to ask if he would supply the firewood and, if so, what he wanted in exchange. Farmer B was willing to take a pig; this Farmer A secured from Farmer C for payment with oats of which he had plenty and C was in need. This was an actual transaction which reminds one of the house that Jack built. All the difficulties are not so easily surmounted, however. The drought forced many farmers to sell their cattle because they had not feed enough to keep them through the winter; and the prices were so low that in some cases they did not meet the dealers' charges for transporting and selling them. The farmer found himself

in debt to the dealer, instead of getting anything for his beasts. The double disadvantage against which the western farmer contends, namely, the high tariff—protected prices which he must pay for all implements or other goods that he has to get from the eastern provinces or from abroad, on the one hand, and the formidable railway and ship freights or dealers' and elevator charges he has to pay on all produce he wishes to sell, on the other hand, are giving rise to much thinking and criticism. The pressure from the West has secured, after long



The main street of a prairie settlement

groceries and other necessities; the other half may go for cash to the two local miners who are getting brown coal from an adit which they have driven into the side of the coulee. The stream has worn so deeply into the fine glacial drift that an extensive bed of lignite or brown coal has been bared. This seems to have been formed during a moist warm interval between two glacial periods, for the drift is found again little changed below the bed of coal. These miners find a market for their coal so long as they exchange it with their neighbours for

delay, the completion of the railway to Hudson Bay. The first cargoes of produce were sent last summer by that route. How far the shorter rail and sea journey will compensate for the use of a port only free from ice for three months in the year and at present involving higher insurance rates remains to be proved. The feeling that the West does not get fair treatment from the East is very prevalent; indeed a joint farmer and labour movement represented by the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has assumed considerable proportions and is sending members to the parliaments. The more extreme sections are advocating a separation of the West, and the constitution of a free trade dominion based on the Hudson Bay port—a somewhat doubtful base truly. The movement, however, indicates on what lines the farmers are thinking. In other ways, too, there is thinking. Wheat went down to 18 cents last winter, it gradually went up until it touched 72 cents, then it dropped again to 51 cents. It is difficult for the farmer to see any reason in such changes. And looking down a few weeks later on the Chicago wheat pit, with its members gambling in futures, it was not easy to feel much assurance that the farmers' fortunes were in the best possible hands.

We visited a fine type of Scottish farmer a few miles away, travelling over the snow in the box sledge shown in the photograph. He had been many years in the district, saved money, and acquired the ownership of three farms. Two he sold just before the slump, the other one he had let; he had then retired to the coast to spend his old age in comfort. Now he is back on one farm raising his subsistence. No instalments are being paid on the other two, he only hopes that they may not come back on his hands with a considerable liability for unpaid taxes.

The photographs may easily give the impression of a bare and dreary land. Certainly the trees, hedges, hills, dales and many streams which add such interest and charm to our home country are absent. But the land has a strange fascination of its own. The colour scheme is harmonious, if subdued, and makes a fine base seldom less than 50 miles in diameter, from which springs the mighty dome of sky which provides the incomparable glory of the scene. On a level plateau at an altitude of 3,000 feet and hundreds of miles from any source of smoke or from any sea, lake or large river, the dry air has a transparency seldom, if ever, seen at home, or even at sea. Standing on any little eminence such as that shown in the photograph of the coulee, other hummocks or grain elevators



Box sledge used for winter transport

can be clearly seen 25 to 30 miles away; and beyond that horizon the sun may set or the moon rise as sharp in outline as when full up. Two or three of the sunsets, when the colour spread all round that great dome was reflected from the snow, and long continued to glow with changing hues, were sights of rare beauty not to be forgotten.

Another special beauty springing from the clean air is very



Prairie farmer with some of his stock: note the shelters in which the cattle take refuge during cold spells

noticeable in the forms of the branches and twigs of the trees and shrubs, each tree having a distinctive colour, shading from the silver white of the birch, undimmed even by the background of snow, through many shades of grey, and warming into purple or pink in much of the scrub; whatever the colour, it is free from the black deposit in the crevices with which the smoke cloud of our country and its damp climate together obscure the natural colour of the trunks and branches of our trees. There is little surface soil as we mostly find it; but there is a great depth of glacial drift which mainly consists of clay and sand very finely ground by ice pressure and of a peculiar consistency. When dry it blows away readily in the wind; when wet it is the most slippery and sticky compound imaginable, and bears the descriptive local name of 'gumbo'. The natural herbage is slight and will support but a few hundred young beasts to the square mile. Species of clover have been developed at the agricultural research station, and but for a fire which destroyed much of the first seed available for sale, this would have been tested on an extensive scale ere this. The soil will grow corn and wheat; but cultivation facilitates the blowing away of the top soil with any fertilisers used on it. The distance to the markets is a serious obstacle involving heavy freight charges.

There was much local anxiety at the time of our visit about two truck loads of beasts which had been made up by several farmers and sent to England. Increases in freight rates were announced and the question was whether this would swallow up all the surplus. One of the senders, I heard after, received £5 per head for his three beasts, which I am told might very well have sold in England for £14. The cost of the voyage is about £3 per head, the rest seems to go in railway freight, dealers' commission, insurance, etc. Even so I have no doubt that this amount of cash will be a welcome sight to those farmers.

In *A General Guide to the Wallace Collection* (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s.—bound, 2s.) Mr. Trenchard Cox has aimed at providing the visitor to Hertford House with the historical and artistic background to the objects he sees. He has given a short account of the formation of the collection, of the founders, and the early history of the house; then gone through the galleries, picking out the most interesting objects and pictures, describing their 'points' in general rather than technical terms, and producing stories about the artists, their sitters, &c. A very useful itinerary is suggested, which should help those who are visiting the Gallery for the first time to make the most of their opportunity.

'Seven Days' Hard'

By the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD

I CANNOT pose as an expert in suffering. I am not fitted, as others are, to tell of even Seven Days' Hard. If any should care to ask how I do I can only answer in the familiar—identified for me with a little old gentleman in a mean street who has longed all his life for a garden but has made do with a window-box—'Mustn't grumble'. But some will be winding themselves up to ask how any man, especially in my profession, can find life endurable in the world as it is. How can any sensitive person today sing the Lord's song in this strange land? Surely for those who are not either soft of head or hard of heart each week with its new crisis at home and abroad must constitute yet another Seven Days' Hard? There is much unconscious cant talked about the extent to which we feel the sorrows of the world, and if I can do a little de-bunking here it is all that I can hope to contribute to our subject. It is now frequently said by earnest people that they cannot rest or sleep at nights for the troubles that are coming upon the earth. If this is a highly creditable sentiment it is mercifully seldom, if ever, true. Those who declare that their sleep is thus disturbed may generally be found making up for it in the afternoon and at least looking adequately nourished. We are not really very greatly incommoded by the misfortunes of others; actually it is only our own that keep us on the rack.

Boswell once questioned that genuinely sympathetic old Colossus, Dr. Johnson, about our distress for others. 'Why, Sir', said the Doctor, 'there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that Providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose'. *Boswell*: But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged? *Johnson*: I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged I should not suffer. *Boswell*: Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir? *Johnson*: Yes, Sir, and eat it as if he were eating it with me. . . . *Boswell*: I have often blamed myself, Sir, for not feeling for others, as many say they do. *Johnson*: Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They pay you by feeling.

This breath of realism from one who was prodigally generous of his substance, but pranced through pretence like an elephant through a jungle, will do us no harm. We are willing enough to express our sentiments, we will talk sympathetically with or about any friend in distress, and be hanged if there isn't a break in our voice and a certain mellow wisdom in our words, but it is not the suffering of the world or the misfortunes of friends that really distress us. Those 'to whom the miseries of the world are misery, and will not let them rest', are sufficiently distinguished to be very uncommon. A certain great lady once left instructions that her friends were not to wear mourning at her funeral, but when one was seen at the church wearing the latest Ascot creation, and weeping into her handkerchief, it was remarked that she had somewhat exceeded her instructions. It may be the merciful decree of Providence that we should not suffer intolerably at the misfortunes of our neighbour, but we, too, can exceed our instructions, and generally do. It is the fashion nowadays to deplore the misfortunes of the world with many a solemn 'Oh', and 'Ah', and 'What are we coming to?' But those eruptions get almost nothing done, and meanwhile our rest is not nearly sufficiently disturbed. We think to pay by feeling. There is a story of an Edinburgh surgeon who devoted himself unweariedly to the alleviation of suffering, but seemed strangely unmoved by it. One day after a critical operation on a youth an assistant said to him, 'Man, you're an unfeeling brute!' To which the surgeon replied, 'Years ago I lost my sympathy as an emotion and gained it as a principle'.

We are not required to lie awake all night worrying about suffering humanity; indeed, we are required to sleep soundly so that we may be fit on the morrow not for further votes of sympathy but for doing what we can in the operating theatre. Often enough we require blistering into remembrance, not of problems but of patients. It is not unknown today for the

patient to perish in the room above of a perfectly preventible disease while the consulting physicians below discuss the case—of course, with most proper concern. How much we all enjoy and yield to the charm of discussion! How quickly the time passes! How well it seems spent! We register quite admirable resolutions, having just permitted our genial Chairman to draft them so that they will offend no one; and it is not until we break up and the lights are lowered, and maybe on our way home we pass a bit of the problem we have debated and sentimentalised about, that we realise that precisely nothing has been done. We have merely said once again, 'What a pity!' or 'How ominous!' and 'How about ordering a double aspirin and hoping for the best?' Do you remember the remark of the bald man to whom the barber gave an advertisement for making the hair grow (which was headed, 'Hope for the bald')? 'You can keep your sympathy', said he, 'it's hair, not hope, that I want'.

Indeed, this whole business to which we are addicted, of trying to make good by votes of sympathy what we have made bad by the sloth of not really caring enough, is the devil, and it is not going to be improved by the suggestion that if we change our shirt, boiled or soft, for one that is black, blue, or red, our feelings will become more effectual. What we want is not to put on a new shirt, but to take off the one we are wearing for a job of a more testing kind and lose our sympathy as an emotion to win it back as a principle. Discussion and debate are essential and a leavening of expert opinion is required. 'If great thoughts arise in the heart it is well that they should emerge through the head' is a saying with which we have no quarrel, but discussion will never be wise if the vision and faith that get things done, and not merely rediscussed, are not also to the fore. We need to see as well as know the problem we are discussing, and we need faith to realise that it is not incapable of wise, humane and immediate solution. It is generally the Evil One in the guise of an angel of light who closes the proceedings with his casting vote in favour of meeting again in a month's time to discuss the whole miserable situation afresh. Years ago the question of state-feeding under-nourished (another word for half-starved) schoolchildren was discussed in Whitehall by experts who decided that as the principle was unsound the children must not be fed except at home. Later, the experts visited a school in East London, and when they had seen teachers trying to instil knowledge into hungry children they immediately reversed their decision.

Those who discuss the evils that curse our civilisation—from war exploitation to slums and unemployment—are almost certain to go wrong in their thinking unless their discussions take place when the maimed and pathetic objects of their sympathy can be seen and heard in all their unhappy surroundings. On any other terms decisions will go astray even if they escape the damnation of postponement. And as for the faith which is equally essential; who will deny that faith is our largest manufacturer of worth-while goods? Whenever her furnaces are damped down righteousness and justice are not. The verdict to be striven for after all our talking and sympathy is not 'Well said!' or 'Well guessed!' but 'Well seen!' and 'Well done!' 'What thou doest do quickly' was once given as a maxim for the evil-doer. 'What thou feelest do quickly' might suitably be enscrolled in every hall and home and club where the amiable meet for discussion. We must think with more than the brain, or whatever may be the specific thinking organ. 'We must think', as a wise man once put it, though I quote from memory, 'with mind and soul and body and heart, with the blood and the lungs, with the marrow of the bones, with the eyes and ears, with the belly, with the life'. When we attain to this it is likely enough that we shall not be disposed to turn on the wireless of a Saturday night to hear more talking about Seven Days' Hard, for we shall have been dealing with those days throughout the week, each at our own post, humbly enough maybe, but with passion and a great deal of courage. We shall sometimes have run in where angels fear to tread and done uncommonly well. Looking back into history, I cannot see that any man has advanced the race except he who has known his facts within their surroundings, acknowledged the possibilities of the unproved, and been ready to die for his belief that the dawn is at hand.



The Listener

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'Complete Freedom of Discussion'

IN the course of a critical survey of the work of the B.B.C., our contemporary *The New Statesman and Nation* makes several statements which can hardly pass unanswered. 'The class bias of the B.B.C.', it writes, 'is evident and disastrous in its non-political, non-intellectual programme . . . It has steadily decreased the amount of really first-class music in its programmes until now one is lucky if one can listen on one or two evenings in a week to a minor work of a great composer'. It would be charitable to suppose that the writer of this sentence was too busy to listen himself to the programmes he thus criticises; for his statement is one which can immediately be refuted by reference to any recent copy of *The Radio Times*. Taking, for example, the issue (March 30) which appeared on the same day as the *New Statesman's* article, we find that the listener during the week April 1-7 could hear the following in the London National and Regional Programmes: on Sunday, a Bach Cantata, one and a quarter hours of chamber music (Beethoven, Strauss and John Ireland), and a Symphony Concert with a Sibelius Concerto, Franck's Symphonic Poem, and Strauss' 'Till Eulenspiegel'; on Monday the second act of 'Die Fledermaus' (nearly an hour and a half) relayed from Vienna; on Wednesday a Symphony Concert with Bruckner's Third Symphony; on Thursday a programme of Oratorio Music; on Friday a Chamber Concert with Haydn and Beethoven Quartets and Stravinsky's Concertino—also Liszt's Symphonic Poem 'Tasso'; on Saturday a concert of Madrigals and Part Songs; and finally, on every weekday evening some of C. P. E. Bach's Piano Sonatas in 'The Foundations of Music'. It is not as if this week's musical programme was exceptionally rich from the music lover's point of view; it could be paralleled by reference to other numbers of *The Radio Times* before and after. But can any fair-minded listener who examines the facts conclude that 'one is lucky if one can listen on one or two evenings a week to a minor work of a great composer'?

A similar lack of proportion and accuracy is noticeable in other comments in the same article, on the subject of broadcast talks. It is said that Mr. Churchill is not allowed to broadcast—regardless of the fact that it is only a few weeks since he delivered an unedited talk in the 'Whither Britain' series; and that 'the Fascist and the Communist would both be banned unless they toned down their views

until they were indistinguishable from those of a conservative middle-aged gentleman'—hardly a compliment to Sir Oswald Mosley and Mr. Maurice Dobb, who at the microphone last year said what they wished to say on behalf of the Fascist and Communist creeds respectively. But the chief point of the *New Statesman* article is to maintain that 'if Broadcasting House used broadcasting as the instrument, servant and instructor of an educated democracy, firmly based on complete freedom of discussion [our italics] the B.B.C. would suddenly come alive again'. We invite our contemporary to say what is meant by the term 'complete freedom of discussion' in relation to broadcast programmes. Does it mean that any person whatever who wishes to speak on any subject should be admitted to the microphone? Mere limitations of time—to say nothing of the B.B.C.'s responsibility for seeing that its programmes are of good quality—make this impossible. Does 'complete freedom of discussion' mean that the B.B.C. should select the speakers (a form of control in itself) but allow them to say just what they please, and how they please? It may be pointed out that there exists no country or institution in the world where complete freedom in this sense is allowed. For what distinguishes 'licence' from 'liberty' is that 'my liberty ends where it begins to infringe my neighbour's'. Now there are two parties to any talk or discussion at the microphone—the broadcaster and the listener. But the nature of broadcasting is, that whilst the broadcaster can speak to the listener, the latter cannot reply to him. Consequently every broadcaster has a responsibility—whether he recognises it or not—to adopt a more cautious manner of placing his opinions before listeners than he would need to adopt if he were arguing with him face to face. 'It is the essence of democracy', says the *New Statesman*, 'that everyone should listen to, and even consider, opinions which he does not hold and views which he does not like'. But admitting this, it is not the fact of expounding unpopular views, but the manner, that counts in broadcasting. The B.B.C. holds that it cannot divest itself of the responsibility for presentation and arrangement of whatever controversial matter may be spoken at the microphone. To preserve the balance between speakers contributing to a symposium, to ensure that time is not wasted in irrelevancies, repetitions, or personalities, to give new speakers the advantage of advice as to method of presentation, based on past experience—all these are necessary as safeguards of that spirit of toleration which the *New Statesman* invokes. For toleration is two-edged; it implies moderation on the part of those who give, as well as receptivity on the part of those who receive. The B.B.C. in the course of guiding the presentation of talks, has made mistakes—what body has not? But to lay exaggerated emphasis on such mistakes does not serve the cause of greater freedom of discussion. It even hinders it, by showing that those who desire experiment do not appreciate the responsibility which it involves.

Week by Week

ROAD accidents this Easter were down twenty per cent. from last year's figure, and Mr. Oliver Stanley's forecast on March 27 that 'by Tuesday night . . . there will be over a hundred people dead and many hundreds injured' was happily not fulfilled. What improvement has to be made before we become a nation of safe drivers was, however, brought out in Lord Cottenham's broadcast last week. After a careful observation of the London-Brighton road over the holiday weekend, he came to the conclusion that 'the worst driving fault . . . is still that the majority of motorists stick to the crown of the road. I found a great number of drivers doing it, and many of them were driving slowly, which rendered their fault ten times worse. Slow driving well away from the kerb means that a queue sooner or later forms, and usually each car in the queue is a bit further out from the kerb than the one

preceding it. Between them they probably occupy two-thirds of the width of a busy main road. In addition, they are all used to driving at much the same speed: it takes some time for one of them to make up his mind to accelerate and overtake. . . . By the time he has made up his mind there is doubtless a car, or cars, approaching from the opposite direction. The driver in our queue may obstinately decide to go on; he may get through by cutting in and forcing his opposite number to brake violently. Or there may be a smash. Or again, if wisdom comes to his aid, he may fall behind the queue once more, to make a further attempt later on. And so, perhaps for miles, this dangerous bunch of cars may proceed, every one in its wrong place, and every one driven by a man or woman now strained, irritable and in a nervous frame of mind, caused by the circumstances in which they have placed themselves. Then comes, perhaps, the real villain of the piece; the driver who is possessed of no patience at all. He is driving faster than any of them. He sounds his horn. Nothing happens. The drivers in front, being true to their code of complete selfishness, continue to occupy most of the road. Our impatient friend swings out to the right, sees a car some way off, coming in the opposite direction, realises he can't get through, swings back to the extreme left, changes down into third gear and rushes through between the leading car and its own side of the road. This, of course, is scandalous driving; horribly dangerous, and the sort of thing which merits imprisonment without the option of a fine. . . . But the original driver at the head of the queue is the cause of all the trouble and has made himself for miles on end a danger to all concerned. In my view, his licence should be suspended for a year'.

* * *

When artists are given official positions in the State, one of the reasons which should surely determine their appointment is popularity—it is obviously a pity to have a man as the formal representative of an art in his country if his country has never heard of him. And, quite apart from his obvious professional aptitude for the post, on this score there could be no better appointment than Sir Walford Davies as Master of the Music to the King in succession to Sir Edward Elgar. It is a quite demonstrable fact that Sir Walford Davies has in his time made the English more musical. His passion for popularising music made him one of the first of his profession to see the possibilities of broadcasting in this direction. In 1924 he gave the first lesson ever broadcast to schools: since then—with the exception only of one break of six months, due to illness—he has broadcast regularly, and his lessons have increased from one half-hour to three separate half-hours a week. He has encouraged elementary school children to make music—every week hundreds of original tunes are sent in by them, and the three or four best played at the microphone; with his musical appreciation talks he has made grown-ups into more intelligent and more appreciative listeners. And indeed the whole record of his activities—organising music among soldiers during the War and among the unemployed in the depressed areas; his work at festivals, on the National Council of Music for the University of Wales and the Music Advisory Committee of the B.B.C.; his services for church music at the Temple Church and at St. George's Windsor—is one of stimulating the most active possible enjoyment in the making and hearing of music. Although the Master of the King's Music is an honorary post (carrying with it, we believe, not even the equivalent of the butt of canary that goes to stimulate the Poet Laureate) Sir Edward Elgar made it much more than an empty honour. He composed music for use on several State occasions—many will remember, for instance, the anthem he wrote, to the words of George Gascoigne, to celebrate the King's recovery to health in 1929. Sir Walford Davies wrote a 'Te Deum' for the same occasion; and everything about his record suggests that he will continue the active tradition of his predecessor in the post.

* * *

Every summer that goes by shows that the encouragement on the one hand of youth hostels, walking, camping, etc.; and, on the other, the maintenance of game-preservation and the existing laws of trespass, present an increasingly difficult problem of the irresistible-force-and-immovable-stone variety. No one is more fully aware of this than Mr. C. E. M. Joad, whose

anxiety to bring the problem to a solution satisfactory to walkers is shown in his newly-published manifesto, *A Charter for Ramblers**. On the whole, Mr. Joad puts the case for the walker very well; though he prefers to deal with the districts (e.g. Yorkshire and Derbyshire) where access is difficult rather than with those (e.g. the Surrey, Sussex and Berkshire Downs, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire) where it is not. His suggestions for a Ramblers' Charter are clear and sensible. They include the passing into law of the Access to Mountains Bill (which first made its appearance in 1888); the passing of a new Town and Country Planning Act to prevent unrestricted development all over the country; the realisation in some form of National Parks; and the establishment of more footpaths. The essential thing to realise, though, is that in order to give effect to these suggested measures, others than walkers will have to be won over, and this is where Mr. Joad and his militant ramblers seem at fault. They like walking; but they don't like people to like doing other things in the country. Mr. Joad, for instance, suggests that all motorists should be restricted to classified main roads (access to by-roads only being given to inhabitants and a few others by special licence); but for some people, exploring remote country places by car may be as real a pleasure as walking across Exmoor is for others. Mr. Joad's ardour would seem more practical and more useful if, instead of being concentrated on the iniquities of landlords and gamekeepers, it were devoted to persuading motorists, walkers and sportsmen and the public in general to consider such fundamental questions as: (1) should the greatest good of the greatest number apply to enjoyment of the countryside, i.e. should a hundred hikers have more right to a moor than half a dozen grouse-shooters? (2) is it possible to differentiate between various outdoor activities, i.e. is climbing necessarily better than deer-stalking, walking than bicycling, or bicycling than motoring; no one of these, it would seem, should have preferential treatment over another unless it is possible so to differentiate; (3) is there any way whereby these activities can all get their fair share of the country; and can this best be done by pigeon-holing special districts for special purposes, or is it possible to carry on two or more simultaneously in one district? We hope later in the summer to have a thorough investigation of these questions to which walkers, sportsmen and landlords will contribute.

* * *

One of the less fortunate by-products of country walking and motoring has been the damage done to wild flowers. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England has just begun its spring campaign on that subject by issuing a schedule of wild plants, especially characteristic of each county and therefore in need of special protection, and a copy is being sent to the various county councils. The schedule is a very considerable document, prepared by experts and giving both the Latin and the common names of the various plants. It is suggested that in each case the Clerk of the County Council should address a letter to the Press, drawing attention to the special need of protection for the listed plants and that in addition the list might be circularised round the schools for the instruction of children. But it should be remembered that the bye-law in force applies to all plants and not only to those selected for special attention. The C.P.R.E. also issues a pamphlet†, in which the necessity of safeguarding action is easily established. Although it is true that only four or five native species have become extinct in Britain during the last two centuries, 'nearly 300 have disappeared from some localities, in, or even become extinct throughout, one or more of the counties of England'. As these localities are nearly always in the neighbourhood of large towns the inference to be drawn is obvious. Furthermore the War period, when human interference was diminished, saw a large increase of the pasque flower and the wild sea-kale. The C.P.R.E. suggest three methods of preservation—by legislation and education and by the creation of nature reserves. If only some enterprising nurseryman would specialise in the seeds of wild plants—as the Genevan firm of Correvon does in the seeds of Alpine plants—further valuable assistance would be given. But this cause depends finally upon the creation of a strong public opinion in its favour—and here walkers can surely help. If their love of the countryside is sincere, they will surely not wish to see that which contributes so largely to its beauty despoiled.

*Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.

†The Protection of Wild Flowers. C.P.R.E., 17 Gt. Marlborough St., W. 1.

Foreign Affairs

Seven Years' Hard—at the Microphone

By VERNON BARTLETT

HERE we are at the end of a long series of talks. It must be nearly seven years since I faced a microphone for the first time and, oddly enough, I remember absolutely nothing about it. It's so often like that—you can't tell at the time just what action or what decision is going to play an important part in your life. This good fortune that I've had, to broadcast over so long a period, has made more difference to me than anything else that has happened except the War, which came at a time when it could alter my whole outlook, destroy all my old prejudices, and give me a set of entirely new ones. Actually I spent my twenty-first birthday in a hospital train coming down from Ypres, and I still feel bitter about the doctor who opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate the event and who then drank almost all of it himself because I was slightly wounded and ought not to have alcohol.

But can those of you who were in the Army remember the day when you joined up? I can't. I remember vaguely the day before War was declared. I had been out fishing and it was a quiet, happy day, the last day of a world I had imagined was so safe and so lasting. I remember bicycling home through a golden evening and reading the strange rumours of war outside the offices of the local newspaper. But the important moment when I took the King's shilling? No, it's gone out of my mind. And the important evening when I first broadcast? No, that's gone too. And yet it marked the beginning of a new world for me.

What I *do* remember is my first talk in the regular series on foreign affairs, six and a quarter years ago. I was on the League of Nations Secretariat, which meant that I was a civil servant employed not by one government alone, but by over fifty governments. How could I talk on foreign affairs without offending one of them? Supposing Abyssinia, for example, became annoyed by some remark and refused to pay its share of my salary? I received permission from Geneva to have a shot at these broadcasts, but I was warned quite bluntly that I should get no help or backing from the League if I got myself into trouble. It was so difficult to be interesting about any one country without also being rude about it that I became very nervous. And I was so disappointed and overwrought by my first talk in this series that, after it was over, I was only just enough of a gentleman to get outside the B.B.C. building before being violently ill.

Things have changed a lot since then. I have realised, for one thing, that such value as these talks have had for the listener came mainly from this very fact that I had to try so hard to be impartial in order to keep myself out of trouble. It has meant that people felt I was trying to give them both sides of every question. I admit readily enough that I have failed on many occasions. I have, probably, been too persistent and boring in maintaining that we must somehow settle international disputes by discussion and not by war. I have done that because, if we were sincere in declaring that the business of 1914-1918 was a war to end war, it is up to us to do whatever we can to make it so. When I have appeared to blame one country or to favour another, I have always had that consideration of peace in the back of my mind, and consequently I regret nothing. I've been filled with good intentions, even if the road to hell is paved with them.

There have been other changes since January, 1928. The large, square microphone suspended on a thick pad of rubber has given way to a neat white box about the size of a honeycomb, and now to a shiny metal affair which looks like an aerial torpedo. But even in the last disguise it has ceased to be alarming. I have talked to it for too long to be frightened of it.

The historical changes that have gone with the microphone's changed appearance are interesting. I can't tell what I talked about in March six years ago, as I have lost the copy. But in March, 1929, at about this time, Mr. Hoover had just become President in the United States, and I remarked that 'he would be a little more of a dictator than most of his predecessors'. Poor Mr. Hoover! What would one have said then of Mr. Roosevelt? I told you of the American lady in Paris who tried to pick up his presidential speech on the wireless. After

a burst of frightful atmospherics, she heard the words: 'I shall do my duty', and sat back happily to hear the rest of her beloved President's declaration. But a moment later the same voice stated: '*Je ferai mon devoir*', and she realised she was only listening to some French professor giving a lesson in English.

Five years ago I was suggesting that we might have an International Bank—not a super-bank, but a sort of club of banks'. The International Bank of Basle has now become so much a part of normal international life that one finds it difficult to realise it is such a novelty. The changes, after all, are not so great as they should have been. In 1930, I began a talk with the words: 'If I were the person who compiled Old Moore's Almanac I should feel pretty safe in predicting political troubles each Spring'. I could certainly use that sentence again without astonishing anybody.

There was, at that time, a political crisis in France, and I made this remark about the French reluctance to dissolve parliament when a government is defeated: 'It is not, perhaps, for a foreigner to express an opinion, but I do feel that until crises of this sort are solved by holding new general elections, the parliamentary system in France will continue to lose the respect of the people, in much the same way as it did during the period of the constant crises which immediately preceded the Fascist revolution'. Germany, too, had—then as now—to face a difficult situation. 'Everyone who visits the country', I said, 'is tremendously impressed by all the signs of prosperity, but not everyone remembers how much borrowing has been necessary to pay for these new roads, new factories, new railway stations'.

And so we come to 1931. The situation had become much worse. There had been rejoicing because Hitler's followers had marched out of the Reichstag. 'You may remember', I said in a talk at the time, 'that some weeks ago I suggested the rejoicing was, to say the least of it, premature. My argument was that the followers of Herr Hitler were likely to be more dangerous outside parliament than in it. Although for the moment the Nazis seem to be losing ground, I still think that argument holds good'.

A year later, in 1932, most of the talk was about the Disarmament Conference or the Sino-Japanese dispute. Then, as now, there were complaints abroad about the British vagueness on the matter of tanks and aviation. The other great question was whether Herr Hitler could beat Marshal von Hindenburg in the German presidential election. 'If shops were not being closed down by the thousand', I commented, 'if suicides were not so terribly on the increase, if there were any hope in Germany of an improvement in the near future in the economic situation, then Lance-Corporal Hitler would have as much chance of crushing Field-Marshal von Hindenburg as a fly would have of crushing an elephant. But Herr Hitler promises change, and to a people who have so lost courage, or rather hope as the Germans, any change may seem far better than no change'.

A year later, in March, 1933, I sat in the Reichstag—a temporary Reichstag which was an opera house in everyday life—and listened while an enthusiastic crowd of deputies voted Hitler full powers for a period of four years. On the other side of the square stood the burnt-out skeleton of the old Reichstag, and a group of Communists supposed to have set fire to it had just been put in prison. Hitler had succeeded.

So much for the past. We all know about the present. As for the future, I'm going to make no prophecies, although, looking through these files of past talks that have been spoken and forgotten, I seem to have prophesied a good deal more than I was really supposed to do.

And, on second thoughts, even tonight I will prophesy. Although things look pretty black on the international horizon, I would say that the clouds are receding. I don't think there will be war, at any rate for a long time to come. I think that nations are growing out of it. Their governments are so frightened of what would happen to whatever system they uphold that they will make far greater and more persistent efforts to avoid it than their predecessors would have done. That applies to dictatorships and democracies alike. They are all up

against such problems that they've got no time to indulge in war, especially as war would so obviously provide no solution of these problems.

Germany is only at the second stage of her revolution. France is at the very beginning of hers. Everywhere the number of University graduates increases as the number of jobs for them goes down. Hungry workers may be dangerous to a system; hungry intellectuals are infinitely more so. There are struggles between the generation that fought in the War and that which was too young to do so, between the backward races and those which have ruled the world for centuries, between the state planners and the individualists, between the orthodox economists and financiers who would restrict our purchasing power to the amount of money we own and the unorthodox who would increase our amount of money to equal our power of consumption. Any one of these struggles is big enough to make the old type of war an anachronism and to make a new type more probable.

In Sweden, although most hotels are now built of brick or stone, there are all sorts of notices, dating from the days when wood was the only building material, about the great dangers of fire. I sometimes wonder whether most of our arguments about battleships, or infantry, or frontiers, or capitalism, or socialism would not seem just as out-of-date to some observer on another planet. It is an uncomfortable age to live in, it is an appalling and a tragic one for large sections of the population in every country. But it is certainly an interesting one. I'm very proud and grateful that I have been able to follow its changes with you week by week for so many years.

Before I finish, I have just this I want to say. I'm afraid my last few talks have been rather dull. I have more reason than you know to be grateful to you all. I've had to follow affairs so closely, in order not to make too many mistakes about which you might write angry letters, that I've learned a tremendous

amount since 1928. When I thought I would like to get back to journalism I talked things over with the people at the B.B.C. and understood that I might be able to carry on with my talks just the same. Later, some weeks after I had started my work in Fleet Street, they decided, probably quite rightly, that regular broadcasting and regular work for a newspaper were not compatible. And from that moment I have found it difficult—impossible, even—to keep up my old interest. What was the good of being thorough about Spain, or disarmament, or events in the Far East, if, in a few weeks, I was to stop talking about them altogether? I rather lost interest, and some letters I have received have shown me that listeners noticed the change. I'm sorry.

About those letters: I can't say how many hundreds of charming, kind, encouraging messages I have received since it was announced that my talks were to come to an end. I ought to have replied to them, but it has been absolutely impossible to do so. May I thank their senders now? I do so very sincerely indeed. The other day somebody rang me up and asked if I was the fellow who broadcast. I replied that I was. Was it true, the voice asked, that I was going to stop broadcasting? With a modest and expectant smirk on my face, I replied that it was. 'And a blanketty, blanketty good job too', bellowed the voice at the other end of the wire. I thank that anonymous gentleman as well, for he kept me chuckling to myself all the morning.

I said at the beginning of this rambling affair tonight that the microphone had made a tremendous difference to my life. I can't explain why in detail, and I don't suppose it would interest you if I did. But the main reason, of course, is that it has so tremendously widened my interests and my circle of friends. I wish I could thank you all properly. Time after time I have been amazed by the patience with which you have listened to my talks and the encouragement you have given me. And I *am* grateful.

Queen Elizabeth's Subjects—I

William Cecil, Lord Burghley

By A. L. ROWSE

Mr. A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, will alternate with Dr. G. B. Harrison, Reader in English Literature in the University of London, in a series of talks presenting the Elizabethan Age through the personalities of some of its outstanding figures—politicians, courtiers, writers, adventurers, ecclesiastics and actors

MANY of you will have noticed that in the last year or two there has been a 'Tudor boom', as it has been called. Among the most popular biographies have been lives of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth; the London stage has seen a variety of plays on Tudor subjects—one of the most charming of them being that on the beautiful and unfortunate Catherine Howard, 'The Rose without a Thorn'; and now the film has realised the unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible richness of the life of that age. One never knows how to explain these changing moods of taste satisfactorily; but apart from the intrinsic interest of these Tudor figures—they all lived fascinating, dangerous lives—it may be that there is something in that age which answers a felt need in our own. Is it the brilliance of their lives, the adventurousness, the excitement and sense of danger? I should suggest rather that it is the sense of dangers successfully dealt with, even turned into triumph, that appeals to this age, faced with such complexities, bewildered by the very intricacy of its problems and not yet seeing a clear way out. The Elizabethans, too, had their difficulties and trials; but in the end they surmounted them gloriously: they came through. There could be nothing more exhilarating.

The life of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, was not one of external excitements—not in the sense that Drake's or Raleigh's or Essex's was. Yet, in another sense, it was one continual excitement; he had all the strain and agitation of navigating the new Protestant state through the treacherous waters of that age of religious wars. If Elizabeth herself was the captain, he was the helmsman.

Fortunately he had received just the training required for such a task. For two generations before him—his ancestry, to his great regret, went back no further—his family had been in royal service. His grandfather, David Cecil, laid the foundation of the family fortunes; he was Yeoman of the

Chamber to Henry VII, a position of personal attendance which opened the door to royal favour—and he made the most of his opportunities. The same astuteness as regards the main chance was to be observed in the son, Richard, Burghley's father. He was in youth a royal page, then Groom of the Robes; like everybody else, he bought church lands, but, unlike some, he held on to them, leaving ample estates in the counties of Northamptonshire and Rutland. So that his son, our William Cecil, though sprung of very moderate stock—in fact, from that middle estate which has contributed more than any other to English greatness—succeeded to a tradition of royal service and to possessions large enough to support it with independence.

Tudor society strongly believed in education; they knew it to be the key to fortune and success in the state. So William was carefully educated at the grammar schools of Stamford and Northampton, and in 1535, at the age of fifteen, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, which was in the forefront of the new learning. Roger Ascham and John Cheke, the foremost scholars of the time and tutors respectively to Elizabeth and Edward VI, were among its Fellows; and here Cecil acquired a knowledge of Greek, a rare accomplishment in the sixteenth century. Here, also, he acquired a wife: it is one of the most creditable episodes in that otherwise careful and cautious career. He lost his heart to Mary, John Cheke's sister; and though this penniless marriage was not regarded favourably by his father, he persisted in it. The lady, perhaps fortunately, died not long after. The next year he married Mildred Coke, daughter of the next most learned man after Cheke; while Mildred herself, according to Ascham, was along with Lady Jane Grey the most learned lady in England. I can, judging from the sour portrait of that lady on the walls at Hatfield, well believe it.

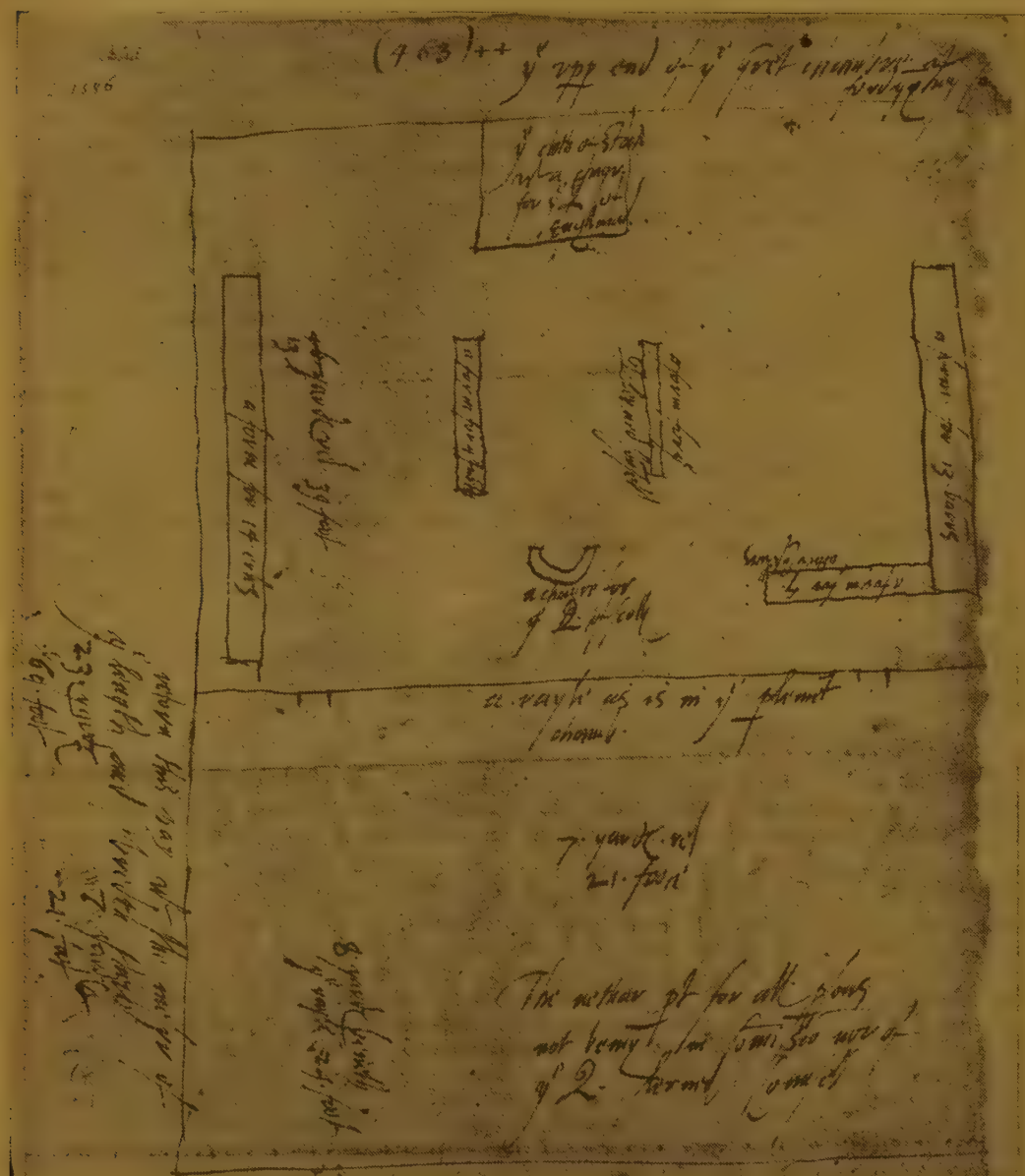
However, it was Cecil's conspicuous intellectual equipment

that led him to the front rank, as it would in sixteenth century far more than in contemporary England. He attracted the notice of the Protector Somerset and became his personal secretary in 1548. On Somerset's fall from power, he spent two months in the Tower, but had the dexterity to recover his balance quickly, and, under Northumberland, he became Secretary of State, a member of the Privy Council, and was knighted. As an intimate member of the Northumberland circle he could not avoid a temporary reversal of fortune with the accession of Mary, though he did his best to explain away

the reign wore on, with its lack of success and its disasters, with Mary's failure of a Catholic heir, with the burnings at Smithfield, the war with France and the culminating loss of Calais, Cecil held deliberately aloof and cultivated relations with Elizabeth, the hope of all who were looking for a new deal. His sympathies had always been with the New Learning and the Reform; was he not a member of the class which stood to gain most by the dispersion of the church's lands and the plucking of the bishops? So it was not surprising that immediately upon Elizabeth's accession she should have summoned him to the

Council and made him her Principal Secretary. 'This judgment I have of you', she said to him, 'that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State, and that without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best'. He was then a man of thirty-eight; henceforth their fortunes were irretrievably linked.

It was a very critical situation that they were called upon to face: England drawn by Philip in the interest of Spain into a war with France, in which we had lost the last of our former continental possessions; a French army in Scotland under the control of the Guises, who were abroad challenging Elizabeth's title in the name of their niece, Mary Queen of Scots; the country disorganised, discouraged, and the Government at its wit's end for money to pay the troops and man the ships. And, lastly, there were the religious discontents, the possibility of the country becoming divided between Catholic and Protestant and breaking into the worst of all forms of civil war, a war of religion. That these dangers were successfully overcome was due no less to luck being with them and to the inherent strength of the



Rough sketch by Lord Burghley of the arrangement of the hall of Fotheringhay Castle for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, on October 12, 1586: the 'chayre for y^e Q. of Scots' being placed in the centre just above a dividing rail across the hall

British Museum

his signature to the document recognising Lady Jane Grey as Queen, by pleading ingeniously that he had signed only as a witness. He was in disfavour: he could never hope to win the confidence of the Catholic Mary; but his gifts were too outstanding to remain wholly unused, and in 1554 he was sent with Paget and Hastings on the mission which brought Cardinal Pole back to England after all those years of exile. The Cardinal seems to have taken to him, and Cecil lost no opportunity to cultivate those friendly relations which must have served him well in Mary's reign. Still, he took out a re-insurance policy, went to Mass with everybody else at Court, and even took a priest into his house 'for the better direction of his spiritual affairs'.

In Parliament, however, he was instrumental in preventing a bill for confiscating the estates of Protestant refugees; and as

nation's position asserting itself, than it was to Elizabeth and Cecil's skilful handling. Bit by bit the situation bettered; peace was made with France, and it became evident that Spain, in spite of Elizabeth's religious policy, was anxious to keep on friendly terms. The energies of the country could be concentrated on clearing the French out of Scotland. It was a delicate and tricky piece of work, for it could not be done overtly: that would be to risk re-opening the war with France. So Elizabeth and Cecil embarked on a policy of underground support to the Scots Lords of the Congregation in revolt against the lawful authority of the Regent Mary of Guise, governing for her daughter Mary Queen of Scots. It was a game that needed subtlety, the sharpest of wits, hardihood in underhand dealings with the most undependable of allies, and an equal hardihood in lying above-board to save diplomatic

appearances. Cecil was equal, Elizabeth more than equal to it. Her brazen-faced lying was the despair of the sedate Spanish ambassador, who wrote: 'Your Lordship will see what a pretty business it is to have to treat with this woman, who I think must have a hundred thousand devils in her body, notwithstanding that she is forever telling me that she yearns to be a nun and to pass her time in a cell praying'. It was a Bishop who wrote that—no doubt Elizabeth thought he ought to appreciate the joke; he didn't. But the policy was crowned with complete success, and Cecil had the pleasure (and the labour and anxieties) of negotiating the Treaty of Edinburgh, July 6, 1560, by which French rule in Scotland was ended and the cause of Catholicism in the northern kingdom foundered for good.

The way was free now for Elizabeth and Cecil to work out their own peculiar form of religious settlement applicable to conditions in this country; and the diplomatic successes obtained, after the miseries of the late reign, helped to smooth the path. The Elizabethan Settlement was something peculiarly English; it was a compromise, but in its character more after Elizabeth's heart than after Cecil's. He would undoubtedly have liked something more Protestant—his Puritan sympathies were revealed on more than one issue later in the reign. But Elizabeth chose a national Church that was roughly Protestant in doctrine, while maintaining practically intact the structure of Catholic organisation. And we may regard their respective parts in fashioning the new church-system, that was to prove strong and flexible enough to incorporate the vast majority of the nation within it and so to avoid the disastrous religious wars that racked other, less politically-minded peoples—we may regard their parts in it very usefully to illustrate and to distinguish the share of each in governing.

Some hold the view that Elizabeth was a puppet whose strings were pulled by Cecil; it is all nonsense. The final decision as to policy lay always with her; upon Cecil fell the routine work, the drudgery of the official correspondence, the duty of giving his advice—which was by no means always accepted. In the first years of their partnership Cecil had a more formative influence upon policy than later; he had the board more to himself and was inclined to take upon him work which he thought the Queen should be spared. Perhaps he even underestimated a little her ability; did he not once reprimand an ambassador for taking up a particular subject with the Queen—'a matter of such weight', he said, 'being too much for a woman's knowledge'? But at the end of his life, he left as his testament to his son Robert, the advice in giving counsel to the Queen never to cross her decision once her mind was made up, her 'experience of affairs and knowledge of men were such'. She was in part his pupil, no doubt, in part a guide and friend, but she remained always mistress. It was perhaps a curious, but not an unusual, relation, and it was maintained longer than any other ministry in English history before or after; it lasted for forty years. People who think of Elizabeth as an inconstant, whim-ridden creature, should remember this. What is to be remarked is, on Elizabeth's side, her constancy and trust in him; and on his, his fidelity and devotion in service to her.

These first years were decisive, for they determined the course on which the reign was set; all the later consequences, the splendour and danger of isolation in Europe, the long duel with Spain, the victory and the glory, flowed from those first decisions. There was no turning back. But there were many more crises to be traversed before they had brought the ship safely into port, and Burghley, full of years and honours, was enabled to depart with a good conscience and with thankfulness for having seen the fruition and the success of his work. There were the endless webs of intrigue around the person of Mary Queen of Scots to be unravelled; there was the nerve-racking anxiety that her very existence entailed. The burden of it all fell upon Cecil; and he was mainly responsible—though all the Government were united in wishing it—for its necessary and tragic conclusion in the death of that most unfortunate Queen. There was the crisis of the Northern Rising of 1569, last flicker of the old Catholic spirit of the North, when Mass was said for the last time in Durham Cathedral. Greatest crisis of all, and the most dramatic in our history, was the year of the Armada, that *annus mirabilis* 1588. After this,

though there was not peace, the tension was relaxed; Burleigh could feel (he had been made a peer in 1571, and Lord High Treasurer in the following year) that there was no danger of his work being undone.

His type of statesmanship was severely intellectual: cold, unimpassioned, cautious, crafty, and yet, in retrospect, not without great aims (the union of England and Scotland was one such) nor without a certain candour. Her 'spirit', the Queen, who had a nickname for everybody, called him; the 'fox' his enemies named him. And, indeed, both were in a sense right; for his statecraft was intellectual, ordered, thought out, the pros and cons carefully weighed, very often on paper, for it seems as if Burghley thought best in writing. At the same time he knew better than anybody how to take cover, how to ward off the Queen's displeasure, how to shelter himself from gusts of wind too strong to stand against. Compare his conduct in the crisis of his fortunes in 1569, when both the Catholic and the Leicester factions at Court united in a cabal against him; he bent to the storm and made friends with Norfolk, the leader of it, so dividing his enemies—but it was Norfolk who perished on the scaffold two years later.

Then, too, there was his extraordinary industry and his unrivalled intelligence service. There he sat at the centre of his web in London, like Philip of Spain in the Escorial, with all the informations from the outside world pouring in to him, writing away, writing all the time. There are literally thousands of written papers of his in our national archives, and on every conceivable subject that government then touched on. Nothing is more impressive than the breadth of his interests; besides high policy, there was his extreme financial probity and his watchful care of the nation's resources; and not only financially, but of its young industrial development. He was interested in and aided the development of lead and tin-mines; he helped on the search for ores. He backed up the merchant adventurers, and indeed all sorts of adventure by sea into the New World. He was the patron of the scientifically learned like Hakluyt and Camden; he watched scrupulously over the welfare of the universities. He was a great builder—he built Burghley House and Theobalds—and he spent large sums on gardens and on introducing new trees from abroad. His chief hobbies seem to have been theology and genealogy; he knew the pedigrees of all the great houses of England, and when he had finished writing them down, he took to tracing what one would have thought impossible, the genealogical descents of the chief figures in the Bible. It is to be feared that, a member of the new rich of the time, he was a fearful old snob.

In short, he was sufficiently a man of the Renaissance—though the other side of that magnificent age escaped him; there is no evidence that he cared for the arts; the poetry of Spenser, the music of Byrd, escaped that busy, clever head. But perhaps it was due to his skill as an architect of the nation's fortunes, more than to anybody else after Elizabeth herself, that the fabric held in that shaken, disturbed age in which these poets and artists could live and create beauty by their lives.

A 'Committee Against Malnutrition' has recently been founded, with the avowed aim of 'securing adequate nourishment for every man, woman and child'. The Committee is to produce a bi-monthly bulletin, the first issue of which, containing a carefully documented statement of their case, has recently been issued (from 19c Eagle Street, Holborn, London, W.C.1). The Committee simply contends that diets that are not abundant, mixed and varied must be regarded as deficient. 'The whole trend of modern investigation disproves the possibility of fixing minimum scales'. If we acquiesce in any lower standard, we must accept 'some level of stunted growth, some level of needless suffering and premature death as permissible in a world able to provide abundance for all'. In certain poor districts at the present time two-thirds of the applicants for the Army are rejected for physical defects, while the death rate for tuberculosis may rise among the poor to as much as ten times that among the well-to-do. The Committee's chief purpose is to make known the evidences of under-nourishment among the families of the unemployed and low-paid workers—and of the signs already appearing of physical deterioration due to it. For 'the last thing' they contend 'upon which a community must economise is the nutrition of its working classes'.

Art

Nature and Design

By ANTHONY BLUNT

ALMOST all the devices with which man decorates the objects of ordinary use and the buildings in which he lives are ultimately derived from things seen in the natural world. On the other hand, if their ultimate origin is the same, the developments which decorative motifs reach are many and varied. In some traditions the artist keeps close to nature; in others he is forced to alter his original to suit the demands of some external agency; in yet others purely internal and æsthetic needs lead the designer far away from nature into some form of stylisation.

Even within the limits of European decoration there is to

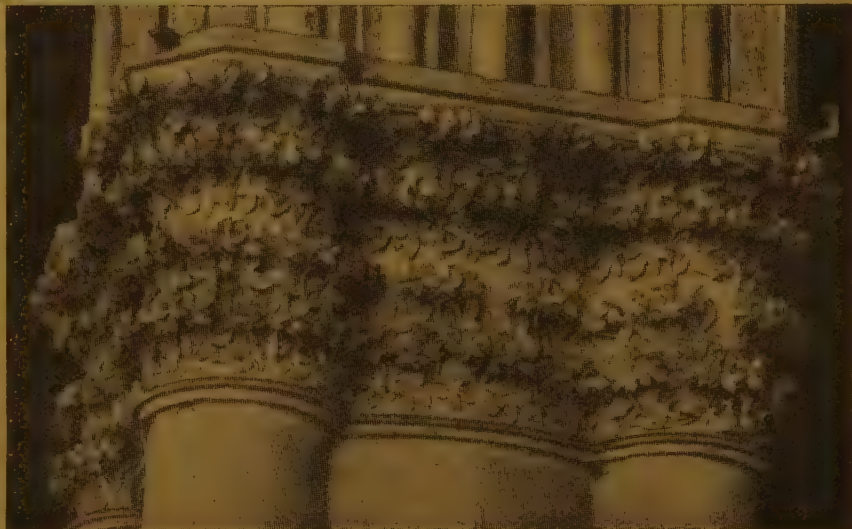


Leaves and buds on a Corinthian capital found at Athens (end of fifth century B.C.)

From 'Nature in Design'

be found almost every variety of attitude towards nature on the part of the artist, and, even if we limit ourselves again, excluding man as an object of imitation and confining our attention to motifs drawn from animals and plants, there is still material left for considerable study. Some part of this field has been covered by Miss Joan Evans in her book, *Nature in Design**. I say some part of the field, for the sub-title of the book shows that it does not exhaust the matter. It reads: 'A study of Naturalism in decorative art from the Bronze Age to the Renaissance'. Miss Evans' treatment is therefore restricted in time, but it is also limited in another sense. As the sub-title states, the authoress has confined herself to *Naturalism* in decorative art; that is to say, she has dismissed, almost without consideration or with rapid condemnation, those periods in which the artist has made free with his natural models and has distorted them to suit some need other than that of pure imitation. So, for instance, the Byzantine period is treated simply as the decadence from Roman work, and the Romanesque as the beginning of the upward slope towards the perfect naturalism of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which in its turn gives way to another decadence in the fifteenth century. The only reason which Miss Evans ever gives explicitly for approving of a piece of decoration is that it is an accurately observed copy from nature, and decadence, for her, is synonymous with decrease in naturalism. But, given these limitations, Miss Evans has traced with great clarity and with a wealth of relevant examples the variations in naturalism in European decoration.

In sculpture the Greeks generally kept to a high level of naturalism, at any rate after the beginning of the fifth century B.C. Whatever demands were made by their idealism and their views about perfect proportions when the human figure was in question could be met with only an imperceptible loss of naturalism, and when they came, in coins or gems, to represent animal or plant forms they were in the highest degree realistic. In these cases the artist was more or less free, but with the sculptural decoration of buildings the situation was different. In the execution of those parts, such as friezes, pediments and metopes which mainly contained human figures, the artist was still comparatively free, since his work was a self-contained composition to be set in a frame on the building. But the carver of capitals, bases and finials had his hands tied. His business was to ornament a block organically part of the whole structure, and he had to adapt his decoration to harmonise with the architecture itself and to suit the function of the particular part to be ornamented. Now Greek architecture was above all dominated by mathematics; exact symmetry was observed and the proportions of all the parts were nicely calculated. Greek decorative sculpture had therefore to take on a mathematical spirit. In carving a capital the sculptor was almost forced to observe the symmetry imposed by the square abacus and having done so it would have been inappropriate to finish off the capital with a design of leaves straggling over the surface here and there without system. Rather the sculptor chose to dispose his acanthus leaves with severe regularity and to give each of them in detail a pattern symmetrical in itself and curves echoing those of the scroll-like tendrils. All these curves, both of leaves and tendrils, moving upwards and spreading outwards under the abacus, are appropriate to the function of the capital, namely the support of the abacus and, through that, of the



Frieze of leaves on a capital of a pier of the nave, Rheims Cathedral (c. 1250)

From 'Nature in Design'

whole entablature. In fact the sculptor has produced a capital which is not naturalistic in detail but which is calculated to contribute to the harmony of the whole building.

The same sort of stylisation persists in Roman as in Greek architectural sculpture; and it is noticeable that for examples of real naturalism Miss Evans has to rely almost entirely on carved altars, bas-reliefs or cups in which the sculptor was free of the architect. In later Imperial times, however, there was a tendency towards the elaboration of naturalistic detail even in carvings which formed structural parts of a building, and it is from such elaborately naturalistic carving that Byzantine decorative sculpture develops. The Byzantine sculptor, presumably under some oriental influence, was greatly interested in the production of flat arabesques of great complexity, and his alterations of the classical forms of Roman

**Nature in Design*. By Joan Evans. Oxford University Press. 15s



Design in nature in the photograph of a dahlia (left) and nature in design (right) in a detail of the ceiling in the Chiesa del Gesu, Cortona (sixteenth century)

From Blossfeldt's 'Art Forms in Nature', Second Series (Zwemmer)

From Colasanti's 'Volte e Soffitti Italiani' (Bestetti and Tumminelli, Milan)

decoration almost all tend in this decoration. The sculptor at this time was strictly under the control of the church, and the church, according to the teaching of St. Augustine, was not interested in the external beauty of nature, but only in spiritual beauty, for the conveyance of which natural forms might sometimes be used. That is to say, the church was interested in natural objects only as symbols, and it did not therefore demand or encourage accurate representations of them. So the sculptor was left free to change the naturalistic forms of late Roman art as much as he liked to suit his instinct for patterning. As a result of this liberty we get the incredibly intricate arabesques on Byzantine capitals and screens, which are far removed from the natural objects on which ultimately their patterns are based, but which harmonise with the other decorations of the churches, such as the mosaics, in which kings and saints are given an almost superhuman grandeur by being reduced to a severe schematic pattern.

With the birth of the Romanesque style comes an increase in naturalism, arising in the south of France from the imitation of surviving Roman work. The stylised birds and leaves of Byzantine sculpture give way to types more closely resembling their originals, and at the same time something is recaptured of the classical appropriateness of ornament to structure. A perfect balance is reached in the twelfth century which produced such works as the west doors of Chartres, where the human figure is distorted just enough to make it harmonise with the architectural scheme of tall columns. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries naturalism in decoration reached its height, and Miss Evans has a wide range of works on which she can draw for illustration. In stone and wood carving, in

fresco, manuscript and embroidery artists delighted in the most careful rendering of foliage and flowers, of fruit and animals. All this is delightful in detail, but sometimes the passion for naturalism led artists to neglect the purpose which their decoration had to serve. Miss Evans reproduces, for instance, the capitals of a pier from Rheims cathedral, over which the carved foliage seems to straggle without rhyme or reason, completely obscuring the architectural form.

Nothing would have more surprised an artist of the generation of Raphael than to be accused of not being naturalistic. 'Imitate nature' was his slogan, and yet Miss Evans is right in asserting that in that generation men neglected nature. In her sense artists of the generation of 1520 were not naturalistic, in that they did not exactly imitate the minute variations and irregularities on which the charm of nature largely depends. But in another sense these artists were strictly naturalistic.



Detail of loggia ceiling, Villa Giulia, Rome (late sixteenth century)

Alinari

They believed Nature to be an almost rational being who acted according to certain general laws and who would always follow these laws and produce objects of regular beauty, if she was not obstructed by Accident. The duty of the artist was to eliminate Accident and to reveal the beauty which nature aims at but never attains. Therefore they generalised nature and produced laws of proportion to which they made her conform, and it is this intellectual, almost mathematical, attitude towards nature which makes their renderings of natural objects look cold and stylised. But Herr Blossfeldt has shown by the enlarged photographs of plants in his admirable *Art Forms in Nature* that nature is far more mathematical than we are led to suppose by a superficial study, and his discoveries make it clear that the Italians of the sixteenth century were not always so far from the truth as we used to consider.

But even neglecting this specialised kind of naturalism,

very soon after the generation of Raphael men began using plant and animal forms in decoration with renewed vigour, and a revival took place of a fashion according to which whole rooms were made to look like gardens, painted with elaborate deceit. This kind of decoration which was current in Roman times was perhaps first used during the Renaissance in the Sala delle Asse in the Castello at Milan, associated with the name of Leonardo, in which the room represents an avenue of trees whose interlacing branches form the ceiling. This scheme was much favoured in the decoration of villas in the later sixteenth century, and one of the most charming examples of it is to be found in the Villa Giulia in Rome, where the ceiling of the open loggia represents a vine-covered trellice in which play cupids and birds. Faced with this kind of fresco it is hard to maintain that the artists of the Renaissance did not make good use of nature in their decorations.

Trials of an Art Critic

By ERIC NEWTON

A FRIEND of mine said to me the other day, 'What nonsense you art critics talk. Why do you waste the public's time with all this stuff about "quality of paint" and "rhythmic structure" and "recessional values" and so on? The public doesn't want to be bothered with these technical matters. Now a dramatic critic will tell you the plot of a play, and whether it's well written and well acted or not, so that you can make up your mind whether it's worth going to see. Or a literary critic will give you an idea of what a book is about and whether it contains good character drawing and so on, and at once you know whether it's the sort of book you want to put on your reading list; but you art critics go off into such vague and unintelligible jargon that no one can form any idea of whether an exhibition of pictures is worth going to see or not'.

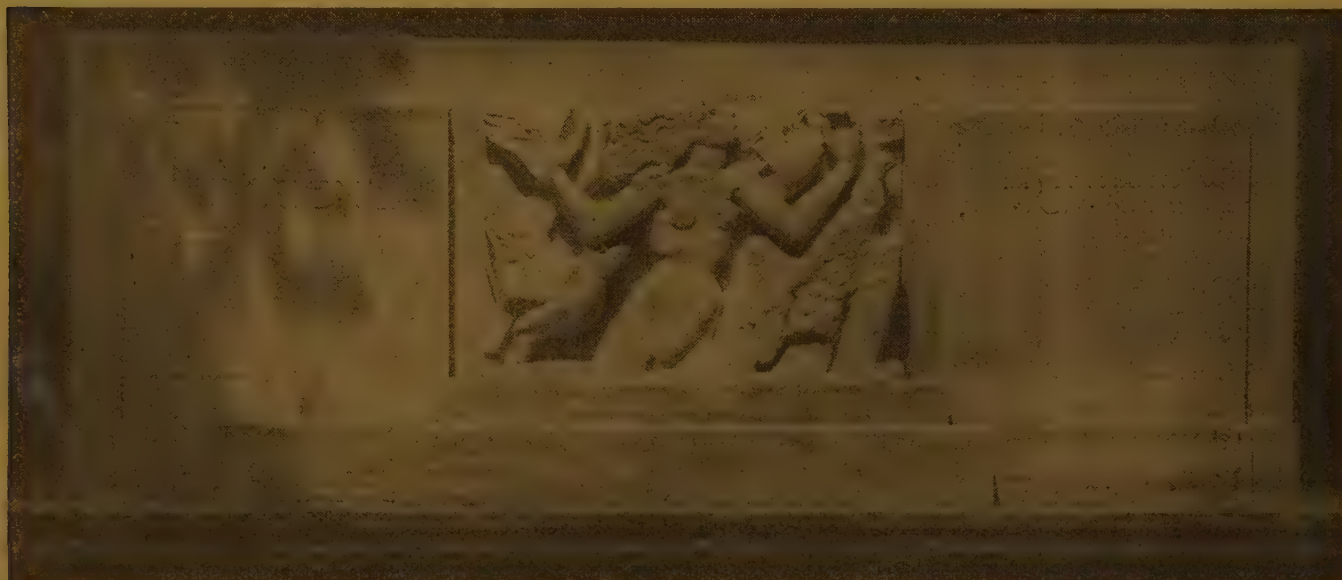
Well, I suppose there's something in what he said. Of course, I know that a lot of dull stuff is written about pictures. We all know the average notice of an exhibition. It runs something like this. 'Mr. Jones's "Evening Twilight" (No. 22) is painted with vigour, though the greens in the sky might be intensified. Miss Robinson's still-life (No. 35) is a happy departure from her usual studies of rabbits'. Now that, I grant you, makes dull reading. In fact, most people don't bother to read it, and those who do read it promptly forget it.

But what exactly is the critic's job? What is he for, anyway? Is he doing any real good in the world? Is he helping the public to enjoy painting and sculpture? Because, after all, painting and sculpture are there to be enjoyed, aren't they? We don't go to picture exhibitions to study 'tone values' and 'rhythmic structures' and 'qualities of paint' and so on. We go because we want to get some real and genuine pleasure out of contact with pictures after the grim and unlovely reality of the bust-

ling, noisy street outside. Well, can the critic help us to get more pleasure out of pictures? I think he can. In fact, I'm sure he can. But he has to know just how to go about it, and just what the public wants to have explained to them, and just what the public doesn't care a hang about having explained to them. And that is where the real trials of an art critic begin.

You see there are two ways of looking at every picture, and one of them concerns the art critic very deeply and the other hardly concerns him at all. Let me give you an example. Among the paintings in the Exhibition of English Art at Burlington House which has just closed there was a group of pictures by William Hogarth. We have been told that Hogarth is a very important and interesting artist, and that in some ways he is the father of English painting because he was the first English painter who gave a really vivid representation of the life around him—the life of the streets, of the stage, of the drawing room, and the gambling den, and so on. Now I said that there are two sides of every painting, and while the exhibition was open you had only to stand for ten minutes in front of one of Hogarth's pictures to hear those two aspects being put into words. You could hear some people say 'Look at the expression on that woman's face. You can see she is angry, can't you?' or 'That little dog cringing in the left hand corner. That shows how cruelly his master treats him'. That is the sort of remark made by people who are interested in the subject of the picture.

But you could also hear other people saying 'What a lovely colour-scheme. How well that patch of yellow in the dress balances the red of the book'; or 'Isn't that a fine piece of composition! And how cleverly the high-lights are arranged to make a sparkling pattern on the canvas'; or 'How vigorously those touches of pink are put on and how tenderly he has



'Why isn't Epstein's Rima like a real nymph of the Forest?'

Topical Press



High Life, by William Hogarth; a picture-with-a-story which is also a thing of beauty in itself

Topical Press

graded the shadow on the cheek'. Those are the remarks of people who are interested in the picture itself and not in what the picture represents or the story it tells.

Now I think this distinction between a picture as a thing of beauty in itself, and a picture as a story-telling machine or a means of representing life, is an important one. And it is especially important for the art critic. Let us consider what it really means.

When you look at a picture as a representation of life you are noticing all the *resemblances* between art and nature. You are drawing on your own experience of life and comparing it with the experience of life as shown in the picture. Now we all have plenty of experience of life. The Art Critic is no more intimately in touch with life than the man in the street. In many cases he is less—he is often less of a human being, because he is more of a specialist. So that in this question of the subject-matter of a picture, its value as a representation or a resemblance of life, he has nothing to teach the man in the street. And that is why so many critics are apt to say that the subject-matter of a picture is of no importance. They are quite wrong, of course. The subject is of enormous importance; but the critic hates being put into the position of a teacher whose pupils know just as much as he does himself about the thing he is supposed to be teaching. And so he gets a little peevish. But when you look at a picture as a thing of beauty in itself, quite apart from its value as a representation of life, the tables are turned. The art critic is here on safe ground. He knows—or he ought to know—a lot about beauty, and colour and line and pattern, and all the things that go to make a picture a fine thing in itself. You see those are the qualities which make art *different* from nature. And it is those *differences* between art and nature which are the critic's real business. It is in pointing out and explaining these differences

that the art critic really can help people to get more pleasure out of pictures.

I think there isn't the faintest doubt that the public is really glad when a critic comes along and explains how these differences between art and nature arise. But he must do it without a lot of confusing jargon and technical terms. The public wants to know why Epstein's 'Rima' isn't like a *real* nymph of the forest. Why her hands are too big and her shoulders too square. They want to know what Hogarth has done to make his colour so personal and his disposition of high lights so different from anything you would see in nature. To put it briefly, they want to have the peculiarities of each artist's *style* explained to them.

I think that word 'style' gets at the root of the whole matter. When you come to think of it, the thing that makes one picture different from another, and all pictures different from nature is not its subject, but its *style*. 'The style is the man' and the critic who can point out the beauties of the style has explained the man behind it. What the art critic must do, then, is to dig down till he gets to the roots of this odd growth which we call style. It isn't an easy thing to do, I can assure you.

Just think for a moment of how this thing called *style* comes into existence. Think what happens when Hogarth paints a picture or Epstein carves a statue. First of all he has to see it in his mind's eye: he has to imagine it. It has to pass through his mind's eye into his brain, and there, because he is a human being, full of little human characteristics and prejudices and loves and hates, it becomes twisted and distorted and altered, elaborated in some directions, simplified in others, until it becomes a thing of his own creation; a thing which he and no one else could have imagined just in that way. It becomes, so to speak, Hogarthised or Epsteinised.

But that isn't all. Now that your artist has imagined it, he

has got to put it into concrete form: it has to be clothed in paint or marble. And there again all his little idiosyncrasies remove it one step further from nature. Hogarth liked a certain sort of brush, and a certain proportion of oil and varnish in his paint. Epstein puts a certain flick of the wrist behind the chisel when he carves. And so the picture becomes more Hogarthian and the statue more Epsteinish than ever. So that Hogarth's picture, instead of holding the mirror up to nature, really holds the mirror up to Hogarth.

But still that isn't all. Hogarth may have been a vivid and interesting personality, but there were two things he couldn't escape. He couldn't escape being born in the eighteenth century and he couldn't escape being an Englishman. These two things—his period and his race or environment—colour everything an artist does, however strong his personality may be. Quite apart from his own Hogarthian spirit, each of Hogarth's paintings is bound to be full of the spirit of the eighteenth century, and of the spirit of England. I don't mean simply that he painted people in eighteenth-century costume with English blue eyes and fair hair. Period style and racial style go much deeper than that. It isn't just the trappings of the age, but the spirit of the age that counts. There is something about any century which stamps itself on all the art produced in it—something that makes, for instance, for a family likeness between Watteau and Hogarth, despite their differences of temperament. And there is something about race and environment which stamps itself equally indelibly. Almost all French pictures have a daintiness and an elegance which you find in no other pictures. German painting of any age or period has a solidity and a squareness, Italian pictures have a grace, Dutch pictures have an intimacy and a domesticity which is unmistakable.

So you see how complicated the art critic's job is. He has undertaken to explain the essence of *style* to the public, and he finds that style is really composed of three things—the style of the artist, the style of the period he lived in, and the style of the race he belonged to. You can imagine that it isn't altogether an easy matter to sort it all out and make it clear. Well, it may not be easy, but it is possible. At least it is possible as long as the critic is dealing with old masters. People will listen to him and take him seriously as long as he is dealing with the pictures of yesterday. But when it comes to the pictures of today you find a most curious state of things arising and complicating the critic's job, so that it becomes doubly difficult.

There is something about modern art which rouses people to an unusual state of excitement. It has always been so. Nowadays we all agree that Hogarth is a fine artist and that he painted good pictures and we don't worry much about it. But Epstein is another matter altogether. Some people hate him, others think he is the greatest genius since Michelangelo, others are puzzled, but nobody remains cold and unmoved by him. When 'Rima' was first introduced to London she was disfigured by hostile demonstrators; still more recently, firearms were discharged at Epstein's sculptures of Night and Day on the Underground building. You will remember that the Florentines carried Cimabue's Madonna in triumph through their streets when Cimabue had just painted it and it was the last word in modernism. Why is this? We don't disfigure the African Idols in the British Museum, or shoot at the Elgin Marbles if we happen to dislike them. And it isn't that our feeling for beauty is so sensitive that we feel bound to protest against ugliness. We don't chop down trees or remove boulders if their shape offends us, or carry them in triumph down the Strand if we think them unusually beautiful.

I think the explanation is something like this. If, as I said just now, there is a period-style which expresses the spirit of each age, then there must be a period-style which expresses the spirit of our own age. It is difficult, of course, to realise just what the period-style of one's own age is. We are too near it, we belong too much to it to grasp it properly, but we do know that it exists. The pictures painted today look to us all quite different in style, but in one hundred years' time they will all look curiously alike. People will be able to look at a picture by Paul Nash or Picasso, or Ben Nicholson—artists who seem to us to have nothing at all in common—and say, 'Ah yes; typical early twentieth-century painting', just as

we can say of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'Typical eighteenth-century painting'.

Now this period-style is always changing, always progressing, always adding something new to itself and discarding other things. And the main reason for this gradual change is that vital artists like Epstein are always adding something new to it—some special gift of their own which gradually becomes assimilated in the general style of the time. These new contributions seem very strange and unnatural at first; they provoke outbursts of protest from some and admiration from others; and then, quite gradually, they become part of our heritage—another brick, as it were, in the edifice of the style of our age. But until these new contributions have been assimilated it is quite impossible to treat them with calm detachment. We human beings are conservative creatures. We are disturbed by anything new. We don't like to see the process of evolution going steadily on and leaving us behind. Some of us, the more lively ones, put a spurt on and try to keep abreast of the new movement. We polish up our vision and try to march side by side with the Cimabues and the Epsteins of the world. Others, less lively and adaptable, frankly find the pace too hot for them, and in revenge try to get their own back by saying 'Pah! Modern art forsooth! Art is going to the dogs, sir! The rising generation has gone mad!' Well, the theory that the rising generation has gone mad is a comforting one, but it is not at all likely to be a true one. It has been said so often. It was said about Beethoven, about Wagner, about Van Gogh, about Cézanne. It has always been said about the real pioneers in art, and it has so often been proved untrue. After all, why on earth *should* the rising generation go mad? Your die-hard answers, 'Why sir, for the sake of silly notoriety'. But I'm sure the die-hard is wrong. The present generation of artists has proved itself quite as capable of starving modestly in garrets as any other. A passion for notoriety will not explain the startling newness of a Beethoven, a Van Gogh or an Epstein.

No. The people who hate modern art are merely hating evolution. They are confessing that the pace is just a little too hot for them. Mind you, I don't blame them. It is perfectly natural to cling to tradition and to rebel against anything that seems to be breaking with tradition. It is natural enough, because we all—critic and public alike—grow up in the tradition of our own time, and as long as we are young and vigorous we rejoice in all that is new and experimental and strange. But there comes a time, in our middle age, when our opinions begin to harden and crystallise, and we can't keep pace any longer with the rising generation. It is then—with some of us it begins about the age of 40, with others earlier or later—that we begin to hate anything new. In our youth we would have said 'How fine, how experimental'; in our old age we say 'How silly, how mad'.

Surely it is the art critic's business to stop—or at any rate to delay—this hardening, crystallising process in our appreciation of modern art. It isn't easy, as you can well imagine. The art critic has to move in a world where the standards of beauty are forever shifting and moving onwards. Just as the fashions in dress of 1930 look vaguely dowdy to the eyes of 1934, so the pictures of today must be seen through different eyes from those of yesterday. The art critic has got to keep on pinching himself to keep himself alive. He must never miss any opportunity of seeing contemporary work. Never call it ugly or silly or mad: remember that people don't do ugly or silly work just for fun.

If the critic can do this he can perhaps help to explain the style of today to the public of today (because, you see, the only style the public of today really understands is the style of yesterday, for that is the style it grew up with and absorbed in the impressionable years of its childhood). I honestly think that if a critic can do this, he is doing really important work. But he must never forget that sooner or later his own powers of keeping abreast of the spirit of the age are going to harden and fail him. That is going to be a painful moment for him. He has to face it. And he must at all costs keep his sincerity. If he goes on pretending to understand the pioneers of the next generation after he has lost the power of really understanding them, he is going to be led into talking a lot of misleading nonsense. If he is blind, it is unfortunate. But if he is insincere as well as blind, it is unforgivable.

Co-operative Trading

A Debate between PATRICK HOWLING and the Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander is Secretary to the Joint Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Congress and Mr. Howling, F.I.S.A., is General Secretary of the National Chamber of Trade

PATRICK HOWLING: With the principle of co-operation and its application in a properly defined sphere I don't wish to quarrel. But co-operative trading, so-called, has extended, under favoured conditions, so far beyond the original idea and methods that the present position of the movement calls for anxious thought and examination. Its centenary is approaching. Of this we are now being reminded in co-operative literature and propaganda.

In a full-page newspaper advertisement recently I noticed paragraphs recalling that in 1844 the co-operative principle was first applied to retail distribution, when twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale formed themselves into a society, and the first stage in their plan was to subscribe £1 each for the purchase of food, to open a shop, and to divide the profits among the members. Just by the way, I observe that the word 'profits', so constantly disclaimed by co-operators, appears even in a reference to the initial plan.

Those pioneers clubbed together to buy jointly a limited range of food commodities, and to undertake, in a strictly mutual way, their distribution amongst themselves. This they did without recourse to the employment of outside assistance and to such methods as are inseparable from ordinary trading. But as the years have passed the movement has found its phenomenal development not along those original lines, but by adopting more and more the methods of open competitive business.

It is, I think, desirable to remove one misapprehension which seems to be fairly general, judging from the conversations I have had with various people. That is, that Co-operative Societies are identical with Friendly Societies. Such a conclusion has been denied by co-operators themselves, who have claimed that their societies are really trading concerns, and were never intended to be Friendly Societies. All the same, there is no doubt that the recognition and protection which, from stage to stage, legislation has given them have been largely conferred because of the mistaken idea that their objects were akin. We have it on the authority of a late Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue that Parliament showed a plain intention that Co-operative Societies should enjoy relief from income tax similar to that accorded to Friendly Societies. That in itself is one sufficient reason why the law governing Co-operative Societies should be reviewed.

Special Privileges of Co-operative Societies

The Act of 1893, on which the societies rest, was passed without discussion in the House of Commons itself, and was dealt with by a small Select Committee. And yet that is the Act under which societies are registered as Co-operative Societies, and are empowered to carry on any industries, business or trades specified or authorised by their rules, and whether wholesale or retail. A part of the Act is headed 'Privileges of Societies', and though you and I have previously differed about it, I still abide by the view, which I call the commonsense view, that special privileges are indicated. In the face of the competitive activities of the societies against other forms of trading, those privileges are no longer reasonable or fair, and one at least has recently been modified.

I could quote many eminent men and authorities in support of the contention that co-operative trading, in its methods and extension, and in the aim to make profits, differs very little from non-co-operative undertakings. In a case concerned with the assessment of a Co-operative Society to Excess Profits Duty, Counsel for the Crown pointed out that the published accounts showed that the profits were made from buying and selling goods in the ordinary way, both to members and non-members, and by carrying out public contracts. As the law under which Co-operative Societies can make their rules as regards trading remains the same as when the statement was made, I may fairly assume that it still applies to all co-operative trading. Whatever grounds there may have been in the early days of the movement for the view that the societies did not make profits, it only requires an impartial examination of their growth and varied activities to satisfy the conclusion that they

have become huge trading concerns conducted for profit, and not simply for mutual service and thrift.

There is nothing wrong in making profits. It is a necessary objective bound up with the maintenance of successful business. But co-operators claim that their movement has some peculiar altruistic purpose which distinguishes it from ordinary trading. Certainly that is not apparent from external signs, and as regards the internal working, I suggest that if the distribution of the 'divi' on purchases was stopped, the main foundation of the movement, and the attraction which it possesses for its members, would disappear. Thus the pivot upon which the trading revolves is one of personal material interest, and while co-operators profess to condemn this in the ordinary commercial world, they are careful to cultivate it in their own.

But does this apparent advantage of the 'divi' really amount to all that is claimed for it? There is a good deal of substance in the contention that, value for value, purchases from the shops of ordinary traders compare favourably with those from co-operative stores even when the 'divi' is taken into account. I am not speaking without good evidence on this point. Some recent examples of comparative prices with which I have been supplied from a number of towns amply confirm this. Let it be admitted, if you will, that co-operative membership provides opportunity for thrift; I suggest that discriminating housewives can frame their weekly budgets quite as well, and possibly better, by buying from private traders, and then selecting one or other of the sound schemes which exist for the investment of small savings. In other words, millions of transactions take place weekly over the counters of private traders which give every satisfaction in advantage and service to the customers.

The fact has, however, to be faced that a large number are attracted by the co-operative method for the reason that it brings to them, in a sort of automatic way, a cash 'divi' at the end of a given period. If this be advanced as one of the main reasons for co-operative trading, must we not bring into our reckoning the fact that, on the statement of co-operators themselves, their memberships have changed radically, and nowadays include people in all walks of life? And so the movement has spread far beyond its original design as a working-class organisation. Instead of restricting its operations to the sphere of the artisan, and of those who are on the lower standards of living, it persistently cultivates, by all sorts of schemes and appeals, the custom of the more prosperous sections of the community. For many who are on the border-line provision is made by and through the independent private trader, frequently by credit accommodation, and by offering facilities for the supply of the wants of life in those small quantities upon which many poorer people have to depend. In a word, the face of the whole co-operative movement has changed, and is still changing. During its development it has adopted methods which are quite unnecessary for a truly co-operative and mutual plan. While possessing the advantages of its original privileges, it copies the methods of competitive business, and aided by relief from similar taxation, has built up huge reserves of capital available for further expansion.

When and where is this to be modified? In essence the movement is not creative, and as, subject to the rise and fall of purchasing power, there is only a given maximum of trade to be done, it follows as a logical sequence that further progress can only be through the diversion of business from other channels, including the private trader. All this is much more than a question of difference between one form of trading and another. If we are to accept repeated declarations, the aim and ideal is to realise something which is called 'a Co-operative Commonwealth', having within its grasp and control the distribution of essential commodities. In a recent issue of the *Wheat-sheaf*, a Co-operative leader asks: 'Will Britain in the celebration of the Rochdale pioneers ten years hence be then well on the road to a free-functioning, democratic co-operative state?' In the *Co-operative News* it is urged that the fight for the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth must still go on. These are somewhat loose phrases, framed perhaps to quicken the imagina-

tion of the co-operative laggards. I can recall long-standing controversies, and even quarrels, in the movement about these designs and tendencies. In fact they have been repeated at the recent Easter Conference at Glasgow, at which you were present.

How far have the members of the Societies, whose support is pledged, had an adequate opportunity for a say in the matter? Are these the aims for thrift which actuated the pioneers? Are they the objectives of mutual help and service for which the movement was founded? May I invite you, Mr. Alexander, to say whether you endorse these proposals which involve the policy of a co-operative trading monopoly, the capture of the movement for political action, and economic control, and the denial to the public of much of the effective service of other forms of trading?

Self-Help Plus Mutual Service

A. V. ALEXANDER: I will deal first with your reference to the relation of our Societies to Friendly Societies. I don't think there is any real confusion in the public mind on this point. The work of the Friendly Societies in the direction of sickness and death benefits, and other forms of thrift, is well known and defined, whilst Co-operative Societies registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts are in the main trading societies. Their object is, however, not so far removed from that of Friendly Societies, since they also seek to engender thrift and the independence of their members through their mutual self-help. You seem to think that our societies are given special privileges under the Industrial and Provident Acts, but I must say at once we have no privileges, not even in regard to income tax, on which you have promised to say something further. On the contrary, our Societies have to conform to standards of management, accountancy and public audit, under these Acts, for the safeguarding of their individual member's interests, which are not 'privileges', but duties and which might well be applied to all registered companies in the interests of shareholders and the investing public.

Then, Mr. Howling, you suggest we claim to be altruistic. What is wrong with that? Altruism is 'the principle of living and acting for the interest of others'. That is surely in harmony with our co-operative principle of 'Each for all and all for each'. There would possibly be some point in your criticism if our societies adopted limited membership and sold their shares on the Stock Exchange at a premium based on assets and profits. But you, of course, know that we do not limit membership, and everyone is entitled to apply for membership without premium and with equal rights. None of us would deny that thereby our members gain a personal material interest, but in every act of purchase, in spending their net taxed incomes, they are adding to the general mutual fund from which the benefits of all the members of the particular Society must be drawn. You suggest that if dividend on purchases were discontinued, the main foundation and attraction for our members would be swept away. I agree, because it is that very act of distributing surpluses, not in relation to share and loan holdings but in relation to purchases, that differentiates our mutual system from that of the company or corporation that trades for the profit of its limited number of shareholders. It is because we deliberately combine self-help with mutual service that we grow so rapidly and solidly.

Now you next argued that private traders' prices compare favourably with co-operative prices even after allowing for the dividend. If that is so, I am bound to confess that I don't understand what all the agitation against us is about, or how Co-operative Societies can be described, as they are, quite frequently, as a menace to traders; for surely the public in the long run would come down on the side of that system which was the more economical. But can your statement be generally supported? With respect, I think not. The savings of our co-operative members are not the result of reducing consumption by high prices, or a lowering of standards of comfort, but obviously are derived from the cheapening of consumable goods, the lowering of the cost of living, due to the co-operative mutual system. If that is not so how do you explain the attitude of the Proprietary Articles Traders' Association, which combines to withhold thousands of articles from Co-operative Societies if they dare to give a dividend on purchases to their members? What of the Grocers' Proprietary Articles Association, formed for the same purpose of price maintenance? Or, again, look at the action of the Wireless Manufacturers' Association, which now completely boycotts Co-operative Societies because they give dividends after selling at their own minimum prices; although the boycott fails in its object because the Co-operative Wholesale Society now, in reply, markets its own instruments. Then, of course, there are the impartial statements in many Reports of Government Committees and Royal Commissions, proving conclusively that Co-operative Societies keep down

selling prices in addition to distributing their surpluses to the purchasing members. And, after all, is that not natural and logical? The purchasing members of Co-operative Societies own the whole of the organisation, have equal rights and opportunities of voting, and have no reason to cheat themselves, either in price, quality, quantity, or description.

Predominantly a Working-Class Movement

Then, Mr. Howling, I think your suggestion that our whole Co-operative Movement is changed and changing is intended to convey that we are no longer based mainly on the working classes. Now, of course, it is obvious that growing as rapidly as they have of recent years, the Co-operative Societies embrace a wider range of our population than formerly. But all the records show that in fact they are still predominantly catering for, and are controlled by, the working classes. Any examination of the occupations of those who serve on Co-operative Management Committees and Educational and Political Committees would show this, and especially is it demonstrated by the membership of that wonderful body of working-class housewives—the Women's Co-operative Guild. Our Co-operative experience in the long-continued depression since the War has shown very clearly the working-class nature of our membership. Our Societies have paid out on demand to members (I am not referring to cash dividends) hundreds of millions of pounds from their share and loan accounts and from their penny bank deposits. The figures, especially in the necessitous areas, leave no doubt as to the character of the membership.

It remains for me to answer your question as to where co-operation is to stop and whether I am in favour of a Co-operative Commonwealth and what then? May I reply first by putting this question? Why should not Co-operative Societies have the right to expand in a system where every private trader has the right to expand his business? Mr. Jones, draper, or grocer, does not have to ask permission to compete next door to Mr. Smith, draper or grocer. If Tom Brown is free to go into business for himself, why should not John Lewis join with others to conduct a mutual business for themselves? He and his mutual friends are ratepayers, taxpayers (until at any rate it is proved they are below the taxable limit), electors and citizens, with, I take it, equal rights. It is sometimes complained that such co-operators develop *without* buying out some trader's business and goodwill, and then paradoxically it is equally complained that these co-operators are actually buying up existing businesses! They are put in the dock either way. But I see few complaints about London emporiums which advertise for postal business in full page advertisements in national papers, or against company shops and chain stores which open in every district in which they please, or the itinerant credit merchant who sells for weekly or fortnightly payments on the back door-step. From a national point of view, where is the special merit of these or any private form of trade against the co-operative form of mutual trading which improves daily the lot of the purchaser? And gives increasing employment at trade union wages? And if it is suggested that a limit should be set to Co-operative Societies, what limit do you propose for the private trader? What is the maximum number of shops he may own or control? And in how many towns or parishes? Do we not see such traders expanding every day and has not the Minister of Labour just informed us in Parliament that though co-operative employment has increased by 56 per cent. since 1920, private traders have also increased proportionately? Nevertheless let me make it clear that I am in favour of a Co-operative Commonwealth. I believe with the increasing rationalisation and mass production of modern industry, the only ultimate solution of man's economic and industrial problems will be by production for use and not for profit, and distribution for service and not for gain.

Comparing Co-operative with Private Traders

PATRICK HOWLING: Nothing you have said calls for me to alter my comments on the distinction between Co-operative and Friendly Societies. As to standards of management, accountancy and audit, all limited companies have to conform to the conditions of the Companies Acts, and also, with other traders, have to satisfy the exacting requirements of the Income Tax Inspectors.

I note your agreement that if dividends on purchases were discontinued the main attraction would be swept away, and there I leave it, as a strange example of altruism.

The policy of price maintenance has been looked into by two Government Committees. Both upheld the principle. I have no time now to give the reasons, but they are available to all. The second inquiry reported that while there might be some disadvantages, no reasons existed for interference by Parliament. The dispute between Co-operative Societies and traders on this matter was regarded as a trade dispute, and they were not inclined to make any recommendations. To suggest that the

societies should be allowed to give a 'divi' to their members on price maintained goods, while the ordinary trader abides by those prices is another example of co-operators seeking special concessions for their own advantage. Your use of the word 'boycott' is unwarranted, and so far as I know fixed-price commodities are available to your societies so long as they are prepared to honour the conditions.

You have referred to the advertisements of the London emporiums, and also to the chain stores and credit traders. In varying degrees your societies copy the methods of all. There has been a considerable expansion of co-operative credit trading. What the figures are just now I don't know, but in 1925 there was over half-a-million owing to your distributive societies on hire purchase and club accounts, and by 1929 that had increased to £2½ millions.

What about your travelling shops? A note in a trade paper a few days ago stated that the retail Co-operative Societies have in service more than 1,000 motor travelling shops distributing groceries and other foodstuffs, which were put on the road in connection with new housing estates.

A word about employment. According to the latest figures available the total employed in co-operative distribution is about 160,000. The estimated total of insured persons employed in the whole of the distributive trades is just on 2,000,000, which shows that co-operative retail trading gives employment to about one person in twelve of those employed in retail trade. In all you employ about 260,000 persons, and you have between six and seven million members. This means that with the exception of that 260,000 your members are directly dependent upon non-co-operative industry and trade for their livelihood.

I am afraid there is a notion abroad that your societies are part of a great productive and distributive organisation which only handles goods and commodities produced in co-operative factories by co-operative labour and distributed by co-operative methods. This is a great fallacy. According to the official returns only about one-seventh of the value of the retail co-operative sales is represented by articles produced within the movement itself. This demonstrates that you depend upon ordinary industry for the great majority of the commodities you sell. You create no new market for them, but under the co-operative banner your army invades the distributive field, its march accelerated by the untaxed resources you have piled up. If food commodities are deducted the proportion is only one-fourteenth. Perhaps the position I have outlined constitutes one reason for the proposed inroads of the Co-operative Wholesale Society direct into the retail sphere.

Income-Tax Relief

I have already referred to the privileged position of the societies in respect of income tax. Through the supposed similarity between them and Friendly Societies, they inherited a corresponding relief. For many years attention has been directed again and again to this inequity. With the tremendous development in the volume of co-operative trade, and the resulting increases in profits, combined with the high rates of the income tax, the advantage thus given to the societies for the recruitment of their financial reserves and for progress became more and more pronounced.

The private traders' sense of injustice and their organised protests were so strong that the Raeburn Committee unanimously reported much on the same lines as the Royal Commission of 1920, and despite the attempts of co-operators to influence Parliament by unprecedented pressure, the last Finance Act altered the situation, and brought about the taxation of the amounts not distributed among members. But that cannot be accepted as complete so long as the remaining and greater part of the profit remains untouched. Co-operators boast that the movement is establishing a new system of trade. While the state permits this, it cannot be just that people should be able to band together to do business in a particular way to get something back for their own advantage, and yet escape appropriate contribution to the revenue, while other forms of trade have to pay their full share. If the income tax, as applied to ordinary trade, is inapplicable to the system under which the co-operative societies do business, and in relation to their full profits, then a special arrangement ought to be worked out.

I have avoided quoting many figures. I think I must, however, invite public attention to the fact that the net sales of Co-operative Societies in 1932 amounted to well over £300 millions, of which well over £200 millions was done in retail trade. Had this immense volume of trade been in non-co-operative hands, it is a fair assumption that even on a low average it would have yielded an assessable profit which, in taxation, would have produced a vast sum of money far, far in excess of any annual total which the Societies have yet paid.

'Each for All and All for Each'

A. V. ALEXANDER: As to standards of accounts and audit, I have never before heard it disputed that the Government requirements are much more stringent in the case of Co-operative Societies than for Companies. In your reference to price main-

tenance, you have overlooked that the point was that you claimed purchases in the shops of ordinary traders compared favourably with those of co-operative stores even when the co-operative dividend was taken into account. I think the public will now realise that the action of the price fixing associations against our Societies because of our dividend system, proves the contrary. You say my use of the term 'boycott' is unwarranted. What other term covers a wholesale refusal to supply goods? It is all very well to say we may have the goods if we comply with certain conditions, but you know the conditions imposed cut at the root of our whole system, which has brought so much help to millions of poor people. In any case, what must we do with surpluses on fixed price goods? Subsidise our own productions by giving higher dividends on those productions? Remember, however, we have paid the manufacturer his full price, including his profit, and we have charged the retail price he has fixed. If a surplus then arises from the retail price at the end of the accounting period, it belongs to the members of the Co-operative Society who own the business, and is a saving they have effected by their mutuality. Why should it be kept from them? Now as to the references to London and chain stores, and credit traders; do please remember I was dealing with your implied suggestion that a limit must be placed on co-operative expansion. What limit is placed upon these other forms of trading? For the private trader in competition with others apparently the 'sky is the limit'. Well, that standard is good enough for us, but with this difference; that we don't reach for the sky to become millionaires or even ordinarily rich men, but to spread the whole of the surplus we accumulate on the basis of each for all and all for each.

With regard to your reference to employment, indirectly we provide employment for far more than the numbers whom we directly employ, because the increased purchasing power of our members enables them to buy more goods. If we move towards the Co-operative Commonwealth, that will certainly not restrict employment, for purchasing power will more and more be spread. Then, too, we already work only forty-four hours per week in co-operative factories, and taking the country as a whole our shop assistants work several hours per week less than those of the majority of our competitors. That progress to what Mr. Walter Elliot describes as the Leisure State would be speeded up without detriment to the nation.

'We Meet Our Full Liabilities'

This debate has been on the general case of the private trader against co-operative trading, and neither of us has had time to deal with the income tax question in detail. Briefly, the Co-operative Societies have never enjoyed any privilege in regard to income tax. Sir Edgar Stanford London, Chief Inspector of Taxes, confirmed this in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Income Tax in 1919. The fact is that co-operators meet the whole of their liabilities to the state on their individual wages, salaries, or incomes, and then unite together to spend their net taxed incomes in the manner most economical to themselves. In so far as they invest capital in the Societies they have always been and still are liable to pay tax upon the interest on that capital, in addition to which the Societies have always paid at the highest rate in respect of land and property, without opportunity of rebate, whereas the private trader, if he were not otherwise taxable, could always claim back the whole or part of such tax.

The recommendation of the Raeburn Committee which you quote could never have any real value to an impartial mind, since they chose to ignore any of the social, economic or political advantages of co-operation, whereas everyone knows that the adjustment of the Income Tax Acts right through their history in the direction of rates on earned and unearned income, family allowances and abatements, insurance allowances, and the like have always had reference to such social and economic considerations. When Mr. Chamberlain, in order to put unfair and additional taxation upon us, destroyed the decisions of the Courts on mutuality in relation to income tax, we said the traders would only regard the Government's proposals as the thin end of the wedge, and your plea tonight that if necessary a special tax should be applied to Co-operative Societies confirms that view. Mr. Chamberlain now states that Co-operative Societies are assessed at the source exactly as any ordinary trader or company. Dividends upon purchases are regarded as trade discounts. The traders who boycott us in the supply of goods because we give a dividend, by their action support the Chancellor's view that the dividend is a trade discount, and I have not heard you suggest that all trade discounts should be charged for income tax against the trader or company that gives the discounts. Your suggestion that a special arrangement should be worked out for Co-operative Societies is quite unacceptable, for we already meet our full liabilities as citizens.

Whilst there is not time to develop the argument, may I say that we should not only resist any attempt to extend the penal taxation of 1933, but that co-operators will never rest until the injustice of the Finance Act, 1933, is removed.

*Economics in a Changing World**Should Exchanges be Stabilised?*

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

ONCE upon a time the Mexican dollar was worth 4s. in Mexico and 3s. 10d. in the United States. At that time the United States dollar was worth 4s. in the United States, but 3s. 10d. in Mexico. A man in Mexico who had one Mexican dollar, but no more money, went into a public house and bought twopennyworth of drink, and he got as his correct change a United States dollar. Having swallowed his drink, he went over a bridge into the United States and with the United States dollar bought another twopennyworth of drink and was given as change a Mexican dollar. He swallowed his drink and went back over the bridge into Mexico, where he used his Mexican dollar to have another twopenny drink, receiving in exchange an American dollar. Swallowing his drink, he recrossed the bridge into the United States and had another quick one. He continued this process of bridge-crossing and drink-taking until a moment arrived late in the afternoon when he was discovered in an immobile condition with one Mexican dollar in his pocket, which you will remember was the exact sum with which he had started operations. Now the question is, who paid for the drink—the producer or the consumer? And how?

Points of Agreement and Disagreement

The International Chamber of Commerce held a meeting in Paris on March 9 and passed an important resolution, which has just been published, on the subject of the stabilisation of the exchanges. Now this question of stabilising foreign exchanges is without doubt as controversial a matter as one could find anywhere for discussion, and yet I am perfectly certain that I could make some monstrous statements—monstrous, that is to say, from the point of view of certain schools of thought—on the subject of currency stabilisation, without arousing the passions of my readers. But I think all informed opinion would agree with me on this point, that the questions as to when, if ever, we return to the gold standard, what parity we return at, if we do return thereto; whether or not it should be a fixed parity or a variable parity as is at present the case with the American dollar; and what conditions should accompany such a return, if return there is to be, are questions of absolutely first-class importance, and a mistake made in applying an answer to one of these questions is likely to have the most serious economic consequences.

The International Chamber of Commerce is of the opinion that the present moment represents a unique opportunity for taking a decisive step forward towards monetary stabilisation. They say: 'The world is ripe for positive action in a sphere in which governments alone can take the decisive steps: the sphere of currency reform. The time has come when the governments of the world should take the problem of currency stabilisation into serious consideration'. Before giving you a summary of the reasons why the International Chamber of Commerce has adopted this view, I might perhaps remark that the resolution of the Chamber expresses the view that the problem of currency instability is inextricably interwoven, both in its cause and effect, with all those other factors, such as tariff manipulation, quota systems, exchange restrictions, cessation of foreign lending and debt moratoria, which have so greatly affected the volume of international trade in recent years.

Now I don't anticipate any serious criticism if I say that all schools of thought are in agreement on the view that instability of the foreign exchanges is part of the impedimenta which now hamper world trade. The disagreement arises on two points: firstly, as to the relative importance of currency instability as a factor in world economic confusion, and secondly, as to the price which it is worth paying in order to obtain stability of the exchanges. Obviously, if you belong to the school of thought which considers that instability of the exchanges is a very serious matter, you will be prepared to pay a pretty heavy price in order to secure stability. Your opponent will, of course, whilst not denying the advantage of some measure of stability, declare that he does not propose to cut off his nose to stabilise his face.

I am now going to ask you to consider yourselves a jury, and you are going to be addressed by two people. The first will

give you some arguments in favour of trying to obtain stability at the present moment, and the second will perform the task of pointing out to you that the present time is not the moment to follow the advice of the International Chamber of Commerce.

The Stabiliser Speaks

'I speak as an advocate of immediate steps to bring about stabilisation. I maintain, and for full details I must refer you to a memorandum by my friend Professor T. E. Gregory, that experience has shown that taking the world as a whole currency depreciation has accentuated the fall of prices of commodities which depend for their markets on countries whose currencies are falling in external value. I maintain there is no reason to suppose that if you stabilise currencies now you would bring about a further fall in prices, or even check a rise in prices. I am inclined to think you might help a rise in prices; because if you could bring about stabilisation you might start afresh some degree of foreign lending. It is very dangerous to suppose that if you leave things alone you will necessarily escape a fresh general depreciation of currencies. It is true that during the last few months, especially since President Roosevelt announced the upper and lower limits of the parity of the dollar, the principal exchanges have really been remarkably stable. But the financial position of Germany appears to be very critical, the budgetary position of France is far from satisfactory, and I am alarmed lest, if something be not done to crystallise such more or less natural stabilisation as has occurred, the gains made may be lost in a fresh wave of depreciation, especially if the gold standard countries are forced off gold. There is much more that I could say on this subject, but my friend, the anti-stabiliser, is already showing signs of restlessness, so I will conclude by observing that though I know he is going to put up some arguments on the other side, I feel strongly that we should have a small conference of the principal countries, such as the U.S.A., Great Britain, France and Germany, which should here and now lay down the principles of a return to a stabilised international monetary system—a system, I might add, which it seems to me will have to be based on gold; and that we should accept, for the time being, the existing level of the exchanges. In a year or two we shall be better able to judge what the permanent values in gold of the various currencies should be! Now, let us hear what the anti-stabiliser has to say. Here he is'.

The Anti-Stabiliser Speaks

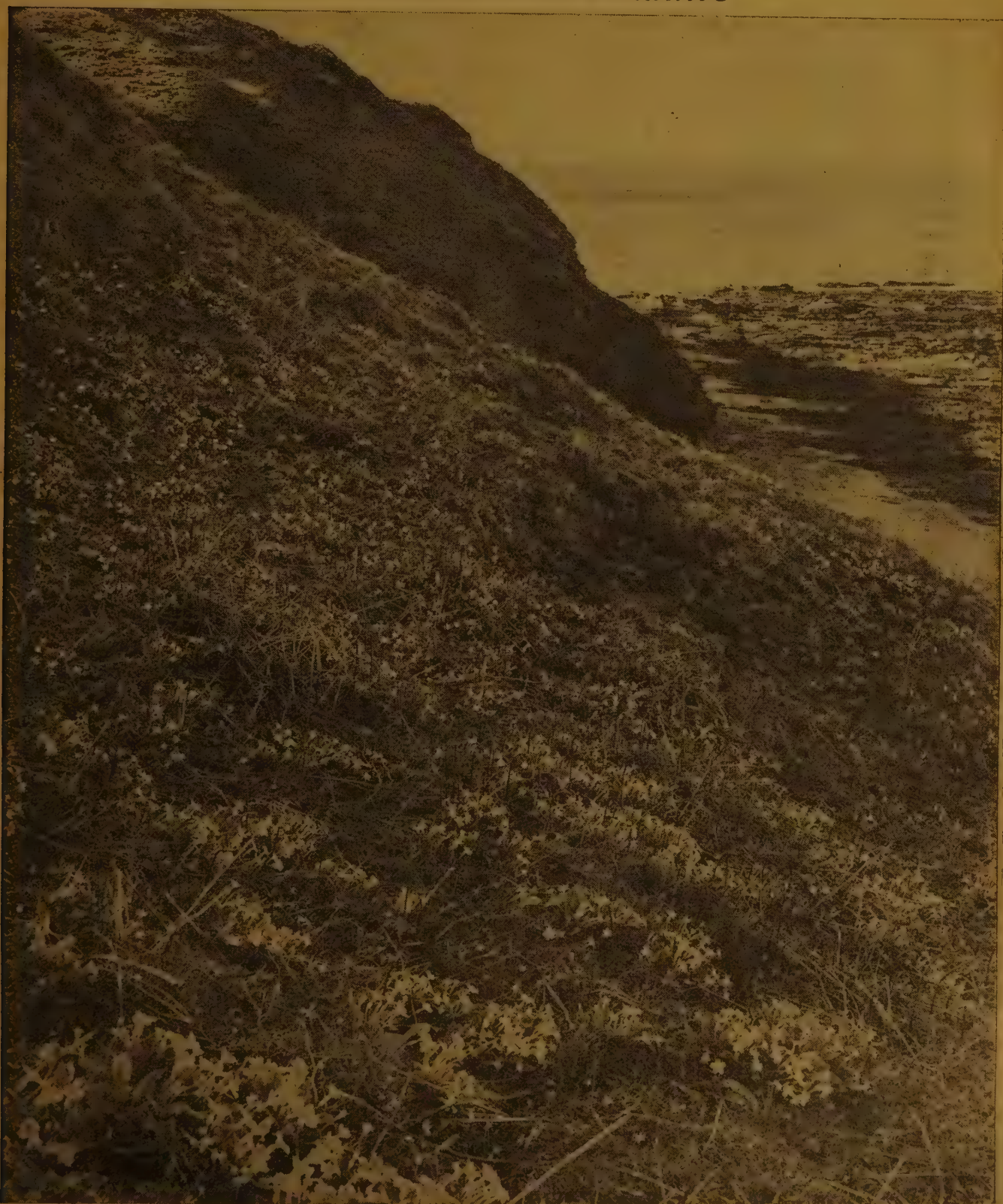
'I am really a very moderate man. I am not even going to put forward arguments against an eventual return to some kind of gold standard. A good many of my friends rather more to the left than myself might even question whether we shall ever want to go back to gold, but I need not take up this rather advanced view in order to impress upon you the very real danger of an early return to the gold standard and stabilisation as outlined by my friend who has just spoken. I was horrified to hear him suggest that we should accept the present levels of the exchanges, as, at any rate, a temporary formula for stabilisation. Surely my friend has forgotten the lesson of 1925, when, as is now generally admitted, our return to the gold standard at too high a parity landed us with economic burdens on our backs which were eventually to prove insupportable. Is it seriously suggested that we should accept, for instance, five dollars ten cents to the pound as a permanent kind of exchange ratio; at a time when American prices have not risen to any large extent? Surely this may have very serious effects on our export trade. I view with the greatest misgivings any suggestion which might lead people to suppose that we should be satisfied to link our pound to the under-valued dollar and Japanese yen, until we see whether prices in Japan and the United States of America are going to rise sufficiently to make the existing ratio between the dollar, the yen and the pound an accurate reflection of the respective levels of costs in the three countries. Moreover, I am by no means convinced that the countries which are now on the gold standard, and quasi-gold standard, will be able to support their debt burdens at the

existing value of their currencies. When all is said and done, a tremendous amount of give and take and some pretty hard bargaining will have to take place before any stabilisation figures can be agreed upon, and with the uncertainty of the situation in the United States of America (why, it seems only yesterday since Roosevelt was publicly wedded to the policy of raising his prices by devaluing his currency, and indeed I have not heard of any divorce proceedings in that connection), not to mention the ticklish state of affairs in Germany and perhaps in France, I deprecate very strongly any attempt to limit the freedom of manœuvre of the pound sterling and cage it within a stabilisation framework which may once more

paralyse the poor chap in international trade. No Sir! Regrettable as it may be, we must recognise that the period of experiment, of trial and error, of empiricism, is not yet over, and any attempt prematurely to stabilise an international monetary system which is still in a state of flux will only lead, after a short period of fictitious calm, to a violent upheaval.

Well, I am speaking again now in my own person. There are some points of view, pro and con. I cannot pretend that I have dealt with more than some of the arguments put up by either side, but sooner or later decisions will have to be taken as to the future of the international monetary system, and it behoves every one of us to make a study of the issues involved.

Primroses in Berwickshire



(Photograph: Robert M. Adam)

Time to Spare!

By S. P. B. MAIS

Mr. Mais, whose 'S.O.S.' talks a year ago described the activities of the occupational centres for the unemployed, introduces a series in which the unemployed themselves will describe the actualities and hardships of their enforced leisure, and the efforts they are making to adjust themselves to it

THE news all round has been so encouraging lately, what with the £31 million surplus on the Budget, and more men in work again than we ever dared to hope, that you are probably expecting good news from me. But before we sit back and begin to congratulate ourselves that all is now very well, just listen to a few sentences from Mr. J. B. Priestley's new book, *English Journey*.

'Is Jarrow', he asks, 'still in England? Have we exiled Lancashire and the North-East coast? Are we no longer on speaking terms with cotton weavers and miners and platers and riveters? Why has nothing been done about these decaying towns and their workless people? Is everybody waiting for a miracle to happen? The whole thing is unworthy of a great country, which in its time has given the world some nobly creative ideas. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Anybody who imagines that this is a time of self-congratulation has never poked his nose outside Westminster, the City and Fleet Street'.

The recent articles in *The Times*, now republished in pamphlet form under the title of *Places without a Future*, also draw attention to Durham, now industrially dying. 'Hope', says the *Times* correspondent, 'has not died, but the feeling of purposelessness gains an ever stronger hold'.

Unluckily, few things are harder than to visualise a place that you have not seen. If you have never moved out of Sussex you can no more visualise the destitution on the banks of the Tyne than you can visualise a tornado in Japan. Few things are harder than the capacity to put yourself in the place of someone who is suffering if you are not suffering. If you have never been out of work you can no more realise the horror of unemployment than you can realise the horror of leprosy.

And that is why you are to hear from the unemployed themselves what life is like when one is out of work, what steps they take to cope with the problem of existence, and, most of all, how they have contrived to make their time to spare not only endurable but sometimes even profitable.

There remains the part that you and I are called upon to play in the solution of it. One thing is quite certain. Left to themselves the unemployed can do nothing whatever to occupy their spare time profitably. As the *Times* correspondent pointed out with regard to derelict Durham, 'success depends entirely on the active presence of some individual in whom the unemployed people are ready to repose confidence'. The interminable worry of trying to budget on an inadequate benefit leaves them neither the spirit nor the initiative to think out any method of securing amenities without money.

This is where you and I come in. Our time to spare is probably all too little. However little it is, we owe it to the unemployed. This is not one of those instances where we can save our consciences by putting our hands in our pockets. It is our time, our energy, our brightest ideas, our personal friendliness that are demanded of us here. And nothing less will do. We have, quite simply, to *dedicate* our leisure to the unemployed. How? First, by searching about in our own village or town for some unemployed family who need our friendliness, and not to rest until we have found them. Having found them, make it possible for them to enjoy some of the amenities we enjoy. This need entail neither charity (in the wrong sense) nor patronage. The cultivation of some interest, whether it be the learning of a fresh language, or the making of a garden, needs only a combination of leisure, in which the unemployed are rich beyond all dreams, and an intermittent stimulus from without, from us.

Secondly, we must make it our business to join the local occupational club, which is not a club for the unemployed only, but for all men's leisure. If there isn't one, get one going. All that is required to start with is a disused barn, hut or shop and the goodwill of, say, a dozen unemployed men who pay a penny a week for the privilege of membership.

If you happen to own a suitable building will you, please, not just loan it, but give it, for all time, so that the members may realise that their security of tenure is absolute. Make quite

certain that the occupational club is occupational, that its main purpose is to give its members a chance to exercise their handicraft or skill in as many directions as possible and not just a place to rest in and play games. If there is one word the unemployed man dislikes it is the word 'rest'. Playing draughts isn't going to fit him for anything except, perhaps, an asylum. He wants work. Give him the chance to work.

He can no longer afford the luxury of having his boots mended professionally. Sell him the best leather at the cheapest possible rates, and let him learn how to mend his boots for himself and his family.

Some of you, I believe, think this is a most dangerous practice, on the grounds that it threatens to throw the small retail bootmaker out of work. I have interviewed several bootmakers about this and their reply has invariably been:—'Put me out of work? Not likely. Good luck to the unemployed mending their own boots', says I. If they bring them to me I try to oblige, but it nearly always means a bad debt. Stands to reason. They can't pay for food, much less for shoe leather. I make my profits off the employed, not the unemployed'. The unemployed man can no longer afford to buy fresh furniture or to mend his broken tables and chairs. Make it possible for him to buy in the club wood at the cheapest possible rate and then encourage him to learn how to make chests of drawers, wardrobes, chairs and other necessities of household furniture. He can no longer afford to buy new clothes. Make it possible for him to buy material and learn to make his own suits.

You will have noticed my insistence on the word 'buy'. The unemployed do not want charity. They prefer to pay up to the limit of their capacity to pay. But remember they cannot pay ordinary prices for anything. Give, by all means, all the wood, leather and materials that you can to the club, but let the club sell, at however low a price, to the men. Otherwise they won't value it at all. And anyway the club wants the funds to extend its activities. I want you to make it possible for them to buy milk, fish, meat, potatoes, groceries and coal at wholesale prices. I know that this is only possible if the club buys in bulk. Well, I approve of buying in bulk for the unemployed. If you and I can get our coal cheaper by buying it by the truck it is grotesque to deny that privilege to the unemployed, to whom the cheaper rate makes all the difference in the world.

But this is by no means all that I want you to do in the club. I want you to get as many activities going as possible. This is not done by putting notices on the club board, but by button-holing individuals. Only so can you discover that Jim's great dream of a holiday is to walk across England, and make it possible for that dream to come true by explaining to him that the Youth Hostels are open to groups of unemployed walkers. Only so will you discover that there are men keen enough to start a debating society, a dramatic club, or a natural history society. Only so will you discover men's keenness to work in metal and wool as well as wood and leather. You will be told that all this doesn't lead to paid work and is therefore only trifling with the problem. But we have got to remember that only too many men will never get paid work again.

What is *your* profession? Are you a lawyer? Your help in elucidating the laws about unemployment benefit and rent restriction and so on would be of inestimable help if you could spare the local club an hour a week. Are you a business man? I can assure you that an hour a week from you on running the club's finances may well make all the difference between failure and prosperity. Are you an artist? Classes in drawing and painting are always popular. The trouble is to find the artist to give instruction. Are you an engineer? Nearly every unemployed man likes to know about engines. Are you a school teacher? There is a real hunger for cultural subjects, languages, history, economics, science and literature. Are you a market gardener? You can give tremendous help in hints on the growing of flowers and vegetables. Are you a gym instructor? You can take classes in that, imitating that unem-

ployed ex-soldier in derelict Durham who runs a P.T. class in his own bare backroom for 40 of his neighbours' children and provides them with a jazz band of toy trumpets. Are you a musician? There is a sad lack of music in the lives of the unemployed today. Why shouldn't every club have its own band or glee club? They can do it all right—if you give them the spirit. Are you an undergraduate? There are unemployed boys' camps just crying out for you to give a week or two of the Long Vac. to be a tent-leader, which will bring you into the closest possible contact with the 16 to 21 year olds—who most of all need what you alone can give. Are you still at school?

Then you probably know more about the mechanics of wireless than most grown-up people and can help the men to make sets for themselves.

When you are on your holidays this summer I want you to visit the occupational clubs in all the towns that you pass through in the way that you visit the castle or cathedral. There is a twofold object in this. One, that you should encourage other clubs by showing an interest in their existence, and, two, that you should be able to compare the workings of other clubs with your own, and take back some useful tips to your own branch. Particularly do I want you to go to Kingstanding, near Burton-on-Trent. Kingstanding is a sort of central clearing house of ideas where organisers and members of the clubs are coming and going all the time. And, if possible, I should like you to visit one or more of these areas, North Staffordshire, Shropshire, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Hull, South Shields, West Cumberland, the Clyde, Mersey and Tyneside, and, most of all, Durham.

There are other ways in which you can be of the greatest possible service. If you have two or three spare rooms in your house you would be doing a grand work if you would imitate the young Cotswold farmer who sent me £2,000 last year and then gave up his summer to entertaining relays of schoolchildren from Birmingham in his lovely old manor house.

It is worth remembering that many unemployed men's wives have had no holiday, no night away from the mean streets where they live for the whole of their twelve, twenty or thirty years of married life. They too would benefit from this sort of holiday. If anybody needs a change it is the unem-

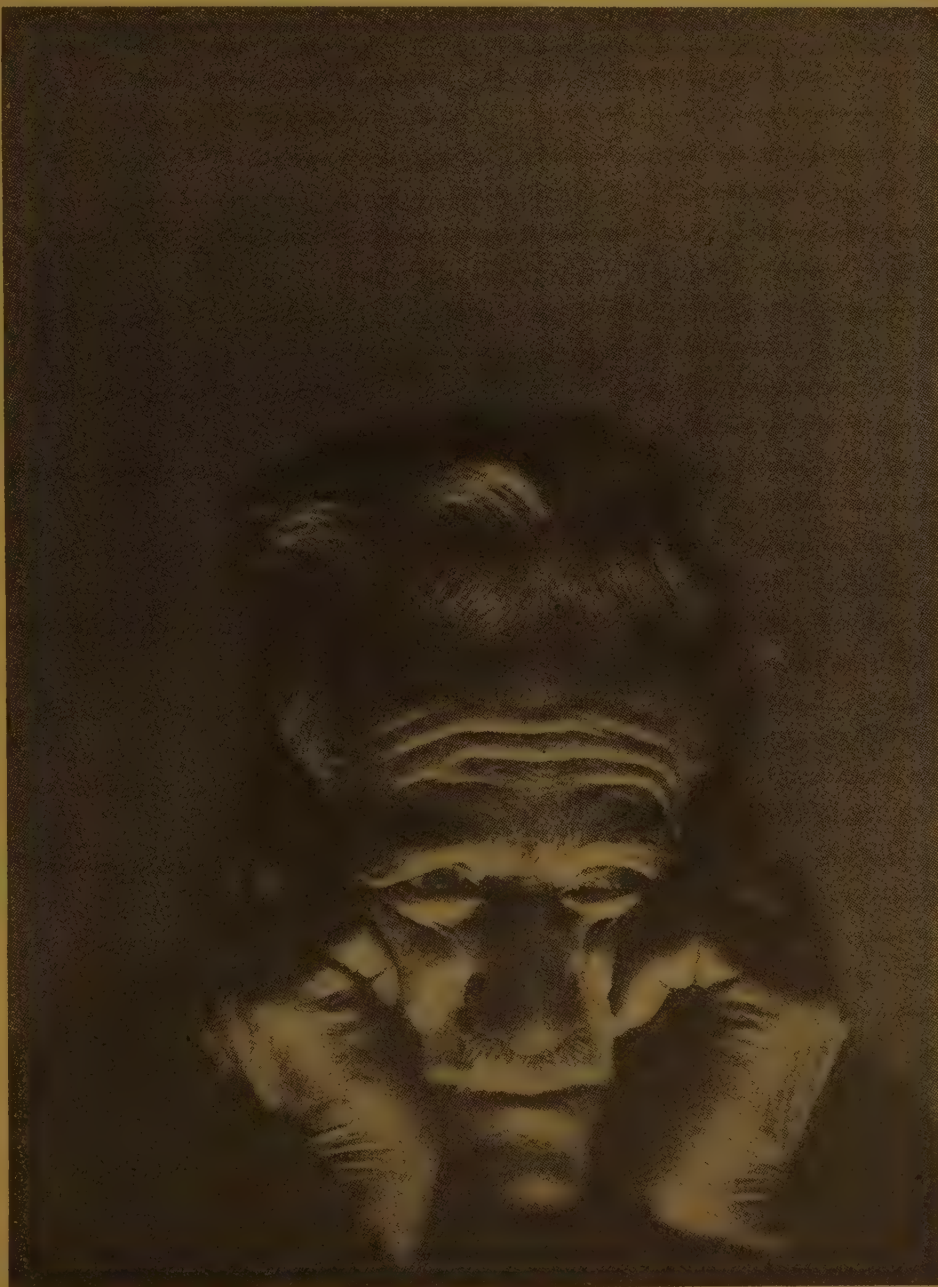
ployed man's wife. Just for a moment compare her lot with yours. She has invariably too little to eat. She has no clothes that are fit to wear, she has to watch her children grow up half-starved and half-naked, she has no privacy whatever, no change of scene, no fun except for an all too rare burst to the pictures, no money for any amenity, not even the one essential amenity of keeping the house clean.

If you could make yourself entirely responsible for the children, the wife, or better still for the whole of one such family, that would be a grand thing. This principle of adoption should be extended to towns, and prosperous towns in the

South like Brighton should adopt derelict towns in the North like Jarrow.

So don't, please, run away with the idea that all is well and that the country can now do without you. It can't. The clubs can't get along without you. Remember the first flush of enthusiasm is dead. The pioneer members are most of them in work again. Those who are left need all the encouragement you can give, a constant influx of new ideas from outside and a constant change of occupation.

At this moment what are needed are fewer posters saying 'Come to Dartmoor' and more posters saying 'Come to Spennymoor and Cleeton-moor', fewer posters showing the smoking chimneys of Middlesex; more posters depicting the smokeless chimneys of



Workless!

From 'Das Deutsche Lichtbild' (Batsford)

Lancashire. A sight of squalor and ugliness would shock us into action.

You remember that saying of Carlyle—'A man willing to work and unable to find work is perhaps the saddest sight that fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun'. Sad, but today one of the commonest sights in England. I know a sadder sight by far, and that is the sight of the rest of us standing by, doing nothing, watching the man not only willing and unable to work, but losing the capacity to work, and the worst of it—or is it the best of it?—is that we have it well within our power to see that he does not lose this capacity. We have but to extend the right hand of neighbourliness and share our own interests. That is the charge laid upon us. Are we fulfilling that charge?

Industrial Britain—XI

What is the Future of British Industry?

By Professor JOHN HILTON

I HAD to make up my mind, at the very outset of this series of talks, whether I should regard the job of industry as being to make work or to make goods. If the job of industry is to make work, then I must deplore research, invention, machinery, organisation, and all that saves labour; but if it is to make the most and best goods with the least toil, then I must stand up for these things and be prepared to face the consequences. I took the view that the job of industry is to produce, under the best possible conditions, the largest measure of the most useful goods with the least toil and at the least cost. Having taken up that position (and I don't know how anyone can reasonably take up the other) I had to accept what followed from it, and for the moment what is following from it is the displacement of labour and probably a net addition to the numbers of unemployed. I accepted that as a fact, but not as a necessity. I went on to ask where lies the responsibility for the cause and cure of unemployment. Not with industry, I said. Industry can make almost anything but the demand for its own products. I suggested to you that while increased efficiency might be the immediate cause of some additional unemployment, that was only because some failure of human will or some defect in our social and economic apparatus was preventing our own people and the people of the world in general from effectively demanding the goods which industry is increasingly capable of producing. I urged that attention should be given not to the repression of industrial improvement but to the increasing of the will and the means to demand and enjoy the products of industry. To that, as a corollary, I put in a plea for the treatment of persons unemployed on a basis of compensation for injury suffered. It isn't altogether easy even for a detached observer to be philosophical about the effects of labour-saving improvements; it is much less easy for the man who may lose, or has lost, his job. You cannot ask or expect either the worker or his trade union to be enthusiastic just now about methods or machines that result in more output per man-hour. Everywhere I see and hear and feel the tussle going on. On the one side the employer, either keen to improve plant and processes, or driven to it that he may keep his markets; on the other hand the workpeople, hating to see output per head speeded up when their fellows are out of work. No reconciliation between these attitudes is possible while unemployment continues; and the remedy for unemployment lies not with man the producer, but with man the owner, the investor, the citizen, and the consumer.

What is the Cause of Industrial Paralysis?

Despite that conflict of mind and purpose, the productive efficiency of British Industry has been increasing throughout the depression from which we are now, I hope, emerging. The facts and figures which I gave earlier in these talks all bear that out. You may remember that they indicated an increase in the last ten years of something like 15 per cent. in the output per person employed. Not a staggering increase perhaps, but a very remarkable one when you consider the amount of short time worked, and all the difficulties of the period. But again the tragedy of our time. Here are our industries, more capable than ever before of turning out the material goods and the services of which so many of our people stand in such sore need; but the demands made upon them are so inadequate that on any given day two million people lack employment. There is the plant, there are the people to work it, but both stand idle; while the community goes short, not only of the wealth they might be producing, but of the increased flow of the good things of life which would follow from industry working smoothly and steadily to full capacity.

Correspondents who have written to me on the subject of these talks have laid stress on this; and many have taken the view that the present paralysis is inherent in the very nature of our industrial system, and that there will be no reprieve until we change the system. According to some, the source of the evil is production for profit; and the remedy is production for use. I have no doubt there are queer corners of industry where profit can be made out of the production of things that are of no earthly use to anybody; but it seems to me, looking back over the wide range of industry that I saw on my tour, that the profitability of manufacture was closely related to the usefulness of the

article produced. Profit may be one or both of two things—a motive or an index. Even under systems from which profit as a motive is abolished, there must still be a reckoning of incomings and outgoings and an aim to finish most operations with a balance on the right side to be devoted to some purpose or other. It is, I agree, of immense importance whether that balance goes to private owners of capital, or to the community as the owner of capital, or back in dividend to the purchaser. It is important as affecting the distribution of incomes. But no change in the destination of the surplus would materially affect the volume of the demand made upon industry. The cause of the paralysis that is afflicting our own industries and those of the world at large does not lie there.

Trade Policies Abroad—

Some of my correspondents point to the remarkable achievements of the Soviet government, and, in particular, to the claim that Soviet Russia is the one country in the world which has managed to find work for all its people. On that I want to say only that in a country such as Russia any government with dictatorial powers ought to have little difficulty in finding work for everyone to do. It is not difficult to make work anywhere, and if, as in Russia, there are powers to make the unemployed person accept the work at the stipulated wages, all that remains for the government is to require the work and pay the wages. But what remains to the worker is to get commodities to the value of the money received. That problem, I think, has not yet been solved in Soviet Russia. There may in course of time be some lessons to be drawn, of value to us, from the Soviet system of finance, with its expanding currency issues, its wages combined with ration cards, its two or three different price levels. There may be something to learn from the state trustification of its industries, from the relations of one industry with another, from the system under which industries are directed and controlled, and from the principles and practice of planning on a nation-wide scale. But the time for drawing conclusions from settled results has not yet arrived.

No one has written to me to say that the one way to get the wheels of industry turning full speed is to place it under the dictation of someone dressed in a particular shade of shirt. The industrial policies of the Fascist governments of Europe should be noted and studied as they develop. You will observe the tendency to place dictatorship with some show of labour representation and much subservience to the political power. I think you will not observe the discovery of any secret, otherwise unknown to us, for the revival of industry and the abolition of unemployment. There may be much to learn from what is taking place in the United States. If good intent, firm purpose, expert guidance, mighty courage, and popular enthusiasm can lift a nation's industries out of the depths of stagnation, President Roosevelt and his colleagues ought to succeed. Will they succeed? It is safer to hope than to prophesy.

—And at Home

Meanwhile we in Great Britain have gone cannily, making no bold experiments, risking our industrial fortunes on no daring hazards. We have perforce contributed at long last our widow's mite to the tariff policies that have destroyed half the world's international trade. We have dabbled a little in import quotas and in coal production quotas. We have done something towards controlled production and marketing in agriculture. We have given statutory powers here and exerted a little pressure there for the enforcement of better organisation. We have felt our way towards such new types of organisation as the Central Electricity Board, the Traffic Commissioners, and the London Passenger Transport Board. Some other things we have done, but none of them very spectacular or heroic. Otherwise our economic system is unchanged and our industries have been left to fend for themselves and to adjust themselves as best they might to the changing needs of a changing world.

You will see here, I think, the outward and visible signs of a deep-seated conviction that if things are allowed to work themselves out in their own way, with a minimum of state intervention, they will probably work out for the best. That is still the prevailing belief of the vast majority of those who sit in the high

places. The policy that follows from that view satisfies many; but by no means all. I refer not to those who desire to overthrow or transform the established social and political order; but to those who desire that the existing machinery of the state shall be more fully extended over industrial operations.

The Case for Collective Control

Three weeks ago I discussed the decline in the belief in competition as the prime mover and the regulator of industrial activity. I described how competition had for long years past been giving place to combination, and the concerted control of prices and output. I spoke of the prospects of an extension of trade associations and of the further merging of now independent concerns in great financial consolidations. I spoke of the possibilities both of good and of harm in all this. In particular I dwelt upon what seemed to be a pressing need for some concerted control in certain of our great industries that have been deprived of a great part of their overseas markets; but I also told what might be lost as well as gained if compulsion were applied to those who disbelieve in collective action and who detest the thought of submitting their now sovereign independence to any sort of council control. I discussed that in relation to such industries as coal, iron and steel, cotton, wool and shipbuilding. Even there, where there is special need for collective action to secure the orderly contraction of the industry and the elimination of surplus plant, the case for collective control was not established beyond cavil and the prospect of securing effective co-operation between rival concerns was not very bright. What, then, shall one say to the projects that are very much in the air just now for the systematic organisation and control of British Industry under a great scheme of national industrial planning?

The proposal, one gathers, is to take some already recognised grouping and demarcation of our industries, such perhaps as the hundred-and-one industry groups used in connection with the employment and unemployment statistics, and to call upon all the firms that fall within these groups to regard themselves no longer as separate entities, but as cells in an industrial organism. They are to meet and help to create a Board or Council for the industry, part of which shall be elected by them and part by the President of the Board of Trade and perhaps the Minister of Labour. The Council should be given certain carefully defined powers over all the concerns in that industry. It should regulate prices, control output, allocate orders. Not only would the fortunes of the industry be in its care, but it would be charged with the task of enabling and urging the industry, as a corporate whole, to serve the best needs of the community. Under the scheme, each Industrial Council would appoint a representative to sit on an Industrial Parliament which would take over from the political parliament most, if not all, of its present functions so far as they relate to industrial matters.

How do you like the prospect, and what do you think of its practicability? For my part, I believe we are moving and must move in the direction of the intelligent control of industrial operations. Whether the body politic approves of it or not, whether the state takes a hand or not, industry itself will organise more and more for the suppression of competition and the regulation of industrial affairs according to deliberate policy and plan. The question is whether the time is ripe for an attempt on the part of the state to force the pace; and whether those who would be in positions of authority and power in our organised industries are at present in that state of grace which would ensure that the policy of the industry was directed toward the general good.

Industry Organised as a Public Service

Immediately desirable or not, practicable or not, it is worth while to dream of an industry organised as a public service and to conceive of the charter under which such an industry might operate. It would be charged with the duty of ensuring that the industry produces, under the best possible conditions, the largest measure that the market will absorb of the most useful and desirable goods with the least waste, and at the least cost; and of ensuring that they are made available to the public at the lowest price consistent with the good health of the industry. Those are carefully considered words: may I take them piecemeal? 'Under the best possible conditions'. That means that wages and hours and all working conditions that contribute to the physical and mental well-being of the personnel of the industry shall have first consideration and shall be standard throughout the industry. Whether that would best be secured by representatives of the working force being on the controlling

body (as would be the case if our Whitley Councils and our trade boards were given these powers), or whether it would best be secured by collaboration between the Council of Business Control and a 100 per cent. trade union of the working force, is for your consideration. 'Producing in the largest measure that the market can absorb'. That means no stinting of output with a view to getting a scarcity price for the products of the industry. Price must not be determined at all by the relation of demand to supply; but by costing carried out in the light of quite other principles. 'The most useful and desirable goods'. That implies and entails market research, the study of what is the ideal article to satisfy what the customer confusedly fancies is his or her need, and the limitation of needless varieties; but the word 'desirable' saves the customer from being told too bossily that he must have this and not that. 'With the least waste and the least cost'. That means continuous effort towards the improvement of methods, processes, machinery and organisation. It means the organised industry fostering the scientific research about which Mr. Julian Huxley was speaking to you in the autumn, and turning its results to practical account. 'Made available to the public at the lowest price consistent with the good health of industry'. That means many things, but among them two of first-class importance. First, that the price of the industry's products shall not be inflated by unnecessary capital charges. It implies all that I was saying to you some time ago about industry so putting its house in order that it can offer to investors greater security than at present; and then taking steps to hire the capital it needs on the most favourable security-terms; and taking powers to warn all share-gamblers and company-riggers off the industrial course. Second, it means that the gains secured from the increasing efficiency of production shall not be lost in a morass of inefficient distribution.

General Outlook of British Industry Today

I have gone thus far with the dream; now to the business. My mind runs back over the infinite variety of British Industry; over large firms, small firms, mass production firms, firms supplying special goods to a local market, firms manufacturing staple products for home and for export. I can see collective control evolving slowly from this medley of types, but I find it difficult to conceive of the smooth working of any wholesale system of collective organisation imposed at a stroke upon industry from without. Then I reflect upon the kind of motives and objectives that are still largely prevalent among those who would rule over the counsels of an organised industry, and I am more than doubtful whether the growing sense of public service and of trusteeship to which I have referred more than once in these talks has proceeded far enough as yet to warrant the grant of statutory powers. Finally, I reflect upon the part still played by private enterprise and free competition, and particularly by personal initiative, in our industrial order; and I think it would be well to go slowly and experimentally, as we are doing at present, with measures that might tend to the premature repression of industrial freedom. But I hope the ideals that underlie the conception of industries organised as public services will flourish and become part of our habit of thought.

In the course of the analysis of the changes that had occurred in British industrial activity during the long period of trade depression, I dwelt upon one broad tendency. I said the story was one of a decline in the great staple industries, which formerly worked so largely for export, accompanied by an increase in the output of goods and services destined for home consumption, and I saw in that signs of promise that, as and when the demand for commodities revived, our industries would prove capable of adapting themselves to whatever form the revival of demand might take: if international trade should revive, our export trades would resume their former activities; but if the world lunacy which looks on imports as an evil should prove incurable, and world international trade, together with our own part of it, should never again in foreseeable time reach its former dimensions, our industries would continue that process of adaptation which had already absorbed some hundreds of thousands of our workpeople into trades catering for the home market. Our exports are increasing, but the state of the world gives little ground for hope that our former export industries will re-absorb their full tale of workers. We must look more, I think, to the overseas demand for quality goods and for special lines of products; and to the home market for the bulk of the demand that will reduce unemployment to negligible proportions.

The Listener's Music

Reactions to Music: A Listener's Chart

AN unusual and extremely interesting article, entitled 'Logging the Composers', by J. Littlejohns, R.B.A., appeared in *The Radio Times* of March 23. It was interesting, because all such records of the effects of music on the individual are interesting; and it was unusual not only in that it was illustrated by a well-designed graph, but also because it was the result of careful and systematic observation over a given period (eight years). Mr. Littlejohns claims to be 'fairly representative of a considerable class of listeners': he is an amateur of the practising sort, having been a choir singer, a player, and a dabbler in composition. He is thus a cut above the multitudinous 'Ordinary Listener', and below the properly qualified professional. The large class to which he belongs is in some respects the most important in the world of music; it takes the art seriously; it has considerable knowledge; and it is in touch with the musical profession, which it helps to maintain by co-operation in choral and amateur orchestra performances, so giving employment to teachers, trainers, and conductors.

There are many inviting points in Mr. Littlejohns' article, but I can touch only a few, and I begin with one that occurs in his last paragraph. He describes himself as a 'mid-brow', and holds that 'the purpose of broadcasting is not the impossible one of turning a mid-brow into a highbrow*'. The best answer to this is the article itself, which shows that Mr. Littlejohns' brow has risen considerably since he began his systematic listening eight years ago. To name one point only; the chart shows an increased appreciation of Bach, Handel, and Mozart—three of the chief tests, surely. Mr. Littlejohns says that the purpose of listening is 'to give all a chance to make the most of the brows they happen to possess'. This is merely an attractive way of saying that people should be given just what they want, no matter how bad—a pestilent doctrine that some undoubtedly sane persons apply to broadcasting, but to nothing else.

The eight composers charted by Mr. Littlejohns, reading from top to bottom, are Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Bach, and Handel. The order shows what Mr. Littlejohns thought about the composers eight years ago; wavy lines across the eight sections (representing years) indicate his present reactions. Wagner began as first favourite, declining steadily, as a result of weeding out, but rising again during the past two years because of increased appreciation of his best work. (The fluctuation, being the result of experience and discrimination, is another answer to Mr. Littlejohns' theory that brows cannot be heightened: he began, so far as Wagner was concerned, as a lowbrow, but having lost his taste for what was 'evidently flamboyant and even vulgar', and developed an appreciation of the best Wagner, he is now a highbrow, much as he may dislike the fact.) Tchaikovsky Mr. Littlejohns describes as his 'saddest early blunder'; he fell under the spell of the Russian's romanticism at a time when he could see in Bach and Handel 'little save pattern-making'. So down went Tchaikovsky—lower than he deserved, as Mr. Littlejohns admits. He 'cannot forgive' Tchaikovsky for certain movements which 'had to be switched off because they ruined whole works'. (Sheer highbrowism, this!) And he adds: 'The more I listen, the more I wonder why so many of the greatest composers ever published so much rubbish'. The answer is that the greatest composers have also been the most prolific, and therefore the least critical of their own efforts (mainly because they were too fully occupied by composing). Genius, like nature, creates profusely, but leaves us to select. Mr. Littlejohns' question can be as fairly applied to the greatest geniuses in every other branch of art. Who touches rock-bottom with a bigger, more resounding thump than Shakespeare at his worst? And it is significant that the composer most analogous to Shakespeare—Beethoven—is also the most unequal. In Mr. Littlejohns' chart he is represented by a regularly increasing zig-zag line, because he has always 'caused alternate feelings of adoration and irritation'. Mr. Littlejohns' objections are mainly on the ground that he alternately shouts and whispers. I doubt if musicians generally would regard this as Beethoven's chief fault. Such dynamic violence was bound to be a

characteristic of any great composer who appeared at that juncture: the orchestra was growing, the pianoforte had just pushed its gentler precursors of the keyboard family off the platform (its early name, the *fortepiano*, shows that its power was the characteristic that first impressed); music was emerging from the salon into the public hall; it had to speak more loudly to fill the large open spaces and more excitingly to catch and hold the ear of the new public; and Beethoven was temperamentally fitted to supply the dynamics that have ever since played an increasingly important part in music. But this was a characteristic rather than a weakness. Most musicians—even those who admire him most—would use Mr. Littlejohns' zig-zag line, but they would use it to express the inequality of Beethoven in regard to both material and technique. For even in his best period he could be astonishingly inept as well as uninspired, whereas Bach, Haydn and Mozart were often uninspired, but only on the rarest occasions were they inept. Beethoven's technical equipment was hardly less complete than theirs, but he seems to have handled it less easily. They could dash things off and 'get away with it' by reason of craftsmanship; when Beethoven wrote hastily he was apt to write badly.

Mozart and Schubert are high and level. But Mr. Littlejohns confesses that formerly with Mozart, as with Beethoven 'the damnable reiteration of variations on *doh, soh, me, doh*' sometimes made him wish that the diatonic scale had never been invented. Here is an instance of the importance of listening with an historical ear, so to speak. Most of this insistence on the notes of the common chord was due to the fact that the brass instruments which were becoming increasingly important constituents of the orchestra could play only these notes and their harmonics. Hence the constant alternation of tonic and dominant chords (two related sets of *doh, soh, me, doh*); and this convention, which after all is one of the most fruitful in all music, was followed even in piano and chamber music where it had less justification (but often charming results). I once felt as Mr. Littlejohns does about that tonic and dominant, but it no longer annoys me. I simply remind myself that it was as much a convention of Mozart's period as the dress he wore, and instead of being irritated by it I have found a new pleasure in observing the frequency with which Mozart works miracles with it—as indeed Mr. Littlejohns does, for he now expresses 'astonishment at Mozart's power to express the whole gamut of emotions by the simplest means'. (Another inch on that brow!)

Bach and Handel began low in the chart. Handel has steadily risen, though he lies still only halfway up; and Bach, after four years on a low plane, is represented by enormous zig-zags, the highest points of which reach the top of the chart. Two-thirds of Bach Mr. Littlejohns finds maddening, but the remainder leaves him ecstatic. I think it is likely that some of those lower points will be raised as time goes on, for Mr. Littlejohns, having confessed that in his early days he regarded Bach and Handel as mere pattern makers, admits that he sees a good deal more in them today. He will in due time realise that those 'repetitive rhythms' suggestive of 'several musical horses racing over musical hurdles on a never-ending course' were a result of the style and idiom of the time, like the *doh, me, soh, doh* of Mozart, and will see that they have a beauty and vitality of their own. As I said in my last article, listening to old music is largely a matter of putting oneself in the composer's place: much that is otherwise boring then takes on significance.

I wish Mr. Littlejohns would supplement his chart with one dealing with post-Wagner music. (I hope he is more adventurous in his listening than his chart makes him out to be.) And how comes it that Haydn was not in his eight years' course?

He ends by saying, 'I suppose that, judged by all musical standards, I am all wrong . . . a musical Laodicean—a mid-brow'. Not a bit of it! He is all right, with a brow of which he may well be proud; and one of many thousands of witnesses to the fine work done by broadcasting in developing good taste.

HARVEY GRACE

*By the way, it is time, surely, to drop this classifying of brows. And isn't it odd that people who would resent being described as lowbrows, or even as mid-brows, in regard to all those affairs in the conduct of life that call for intelligence, taste, and culture, should glory in the label where the arts (especially music) are concerned? If the degree of frontal development really matters, the possessors of the simian type have no cause for pride; and even the mid-brow might be expected to disguise his deficiency by some sort of forelock.

The Genuine Boris Godounov

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

The initial version of Mussorgsky's famous opera will be broadcast from the studio on April 14 (all Regional programmes) and April 16 (National programme)

THIS is an event of outstanding importance. It may have far-reaching consequences—it may radically alter, in fact, the attitude of our music-loving public towards Mussorgsky's dramatic masterpiece. Its importance will be made clear even by the briefest of allusions to the strange history of 'Boris Godounov'.

Mussorgsky started work on this opera in 1868, full of en-

complete, and also a little dancing—a Polonaise. This act has nothing to do with the drama itself, but contains some very lovely music. Further, he decided to end the opera, not with the Tsar's death, but with the magnificent scene showing the people in revolt and the Pretender marching on Moscow—a scene of unsurpassed fierceness and vehemence and final desolation, which would not have been written had he not been

driven to alter 'Boris'. To make a long story short, he turned the first version into something quite different. This second version, very much cut about, was produced in Petersburg in 1874, severely criticised for its alleged technical shortcomings, given at irregular intervals until 1882, then set aside and forgotten. Years later, Rimsky-Korsakov, in accordance with his own feelings and the unanimous feelings of musical Russia, decided that it would be possible to 'correct and purify' Mussorgsky's music without doing away with any of its beauties. He devoted much time and labour to turning out a drastically revised arrangement of Mussorgsky's final version. This was successfully produced in Russia, and afterwards abroad (Paris, 1908; London, 1913, and after), and became a world suc-



A German setting (by Emil Pirchau) for 'Boris Godounov' for a performance at the Berlin Opera House—
From 'Twentieth Century Stage Decoration', by Fuerst and Hume (Knopf)

thusiasm, and certain of his purpose; he carried on at a tremendous pace, and in the course of fourteen months turned out a first version of it—pithy, simple, stark, grim, admirably constructed, perfectly consistent in style; and so unlike any other opera in existence that the Russian State Theatre simply refused to consider its production. It contained no parts for a *prima donna* or first tenor, no arias, no love-duet, no dancing—practically nothing but dialogue and choruses. Mussorgsky, firm in his conviction that his 'Boris' was exactly what it ought to be, did nothing for a time. Then, yielding to necessity and to advice, he remodelled and extended the score, made it more operatic, added a good deal of pure singing, a whole act taking place in Poland, with *prima donna* and tenor and love-duet all



—and a Russian setting for the first performance at the Leningrad State Opera in 1928, showing the square by the Cathedral of St. Basil, with the starving people imploring the Tsar to give them bread

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cess. Meanwhile, Mussorgsky's genuine score lay forgotten. Everybody in Russia preferred the revised form to the original. Only a few critics in France protested, on the strength of the study they had made of the vocal score published in 1874, and containing, except for a few appalling cuts, the text of Mussorgsky's final version. As for the initial version (that of 1868-1869, which we are now going to hear) nobody gave it a thought until 1925, when, in Moscow, Professor Paul Lamm started preparing a complete critical edition of Mussorgsky's works. Initial and final versions were published together in 1928 (Oxford University Press and Russian State Edition, the one and only reliable one).

Such are the facts, baldly stated. To discuss them adequately, except in a full-length book, would be out of the question. One aspect of the case may be dismissed with the remark that our outlook on music is no longer that of nineteenth-century Russia. Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, Ravel (let alone Schönberg, Bartok and Stravinsky) have come in between; we should be fully prepared to judge 'Boris Godounov', as written by Mussorgsky, on its own merits and not according to cut-and-dried conventions. But the essential thing is to make it clear to all listeners that the 'Boris' they will hear on April 14 and 16 is so very different from the 'Boris' heard at Covent Garden and elsewhere that no general comparison is possible. This would remain true even if it were the genuine final version of 'Boris' that had been produced so far, and not the Rimsky-Korsakov arrangement. Leaving aside the question of the rights and wrongs of the Rimsky-Korsakov arrangement, I shall restrict myself to saying that Mussorgsky's two genuine versions, despite many points of contact, are two distinct wholes, each of which is to be appreciated without reference to the other.

The initial version consists of seven scenes only, the first four of which are the same as in the generally known version, but with certain differences.

(1) The people assembled implore, under compulsion, Boris to accept the throne. The pilgrims pass, singing their chorus. After they have entered the monastery, the people stand bewildered, wondering what it is all about. The police officer orders them to be at the Kremlin the next morning at dawn, to await instructions. They are more bewildered than ever, but stolid and indifferent. All this last portion of the scene was not known until 1928.

(2) The Coronation of Boris. (The broadcast will begin with this scene.)

(3) In a cell in a monastery, the old monk Pimen and the novice Grigory are discussing the crime by which Boris secured the throne. Pimen describes the murder of the Tsarevich Dimitri carried out by order of Boris (this narrative, musically and dramatically the apex of the scene, had been cut

out—probably for fear of the State Censorship). Grigory decides to avenge the murdered Tsarevich.

(4) As in the known version, the inn near the Lithuanian border. Grigory escapes into Lithuania. He will give out that he is the Tsarevich Dimitri, miraculously saved from death.

(5) Boris with his children, his talk with Prince Shuisky, his fears and hallucination. The scene is very different from the final version. It shows us a far stronger Tsar Boris, not addicted to self-pity. There are no songs, no escaped parrot episode; the grimness remains unrelieved from start to finish.

(6) Outside a Moscow cathedral. The Pretender has been anathematised. The people, instead of hailing Boris, voice their misery. Having heard of the Pretender's progress through Russia, they are on the point of revolt. The episode of the simpleton is included in this scene. Mussorgsky transferred it—except for the simpleton's poignant dialogue with Boris—to the revolution scene in the final version.

(7) The Council and the death of Boris—as in the known version, but with a few minor differences.

A very remarkable feature is that Grigory is never seen again after he has become the Pretender. One just feels his ominous presence in the background—a most telling dramatic device. And, generally speaking, there is between this initial form and the final form as written by Mussorgsky the same difference in starkness, soberness of character, and economy of means as there is between the final genuine form and the Rimsky-Korsakov arrangement.

When all is said and done, how could the two genuine versions be compared? Who could decide which of them is musically finer and dramatically more impressive? Studying the 1874 vocal score—that is, the abridged form of the final version—I had formed the impression that nothing could be more admirable. I was, from the outset, very much against the Rimsky-Korsakov rearrangement, and had the audacity to tell him as much (very shyly, it is true) when I met him in 1907—an audacity which he did not resent in the least. I could not conceive 'Boris' otherwise than as it stood in that 1874 edition. Then came the revelation of the full text of the final version and also of the initial version. I had no hesitation in preferring the full text to the abridged one of 1874; but between the initial and the final forms I found it impossible—and also unnecessary—to decide. They are equally admirable, for different reasons, even though the earlier one embodies a finer conception of the personality of Tsar Boris. I would no more be without the overwhelming revolution scene than without the poignant scene outside the cathedral, and I love the songs in the final version of the children's scene as thoroughly as I love the first form given to it by Mussorgsky. I just thank my stars that I do not have to choose between the two, but have them both to admire and enjoy.

Mind the Doctor—I

Medicine and Magic

By Professor R. J. S. McDOWALL

What do we know of the exact relations of mind and body? Can functional or organic disorders be produced by the imagination alone? These are some of the questions that will be discussed in this series of twelve talks to which distinguished representatives of the physiological and psychological aspects of modern medicine will contribute

I WONDER how many of you have ever been to Central Africa and consulted a witch-doctor. None of you, I imagine. You laugh at the very idea. You may not have consulted a witch-doctor or worn a charm, but you have probably done something just as bad: you have bought a patent medicine just because you saw its charms advertised. And how did you choose your doctor? Someone told you he was so attractive and you found he told you just the things you wanted to be told. Or possibly he was so rude that you came to the conclusion that he must be really clever. Or you have discovered that he has bought a Rolls Royce this year, and you tell yourself that he must be better than his opponent in the next street, who still has (shall we say) a Morris.

There are a thousand reasons why you choose your doctor, but there is no more justification in most of them than there is in choosing a witch-doctor. You go to your doctor because you believe in him for some reason or another and that is all there is to it. And the remarkable thing is that he does you good almost invariably. It is indeed a compliment to my profession.

Well-Timed Ailments

As for the doctor, I wonder if he ever tells you the whole truth about yourself. I mean, I wonder if he sometimes thinks

it wise or expedient to tell you why you are really ill. You wouldn't like his advice very often if he did. In any case, has it ever occurred to you that your illness might be rather a fraud? Take the other night when you had a headache and you couldn't go out to see the Joneses. That headache was rather a lucky excuse, wasn't it? In any case, you didn't want to go because there were people there you didn't want to meet. That is the kind of thing the mind specialist tells us nowadays, these people we call psychologists.

A psychologist friend of mine showed me the other night a list of distinguished politicians, and opposite each was the name of a complaint the distinguished gentleman had suffered from. I was interested. But he said, 'Look at the dates'. The illness had occurred just when these men had to make an awkward decision or had to explain a failure. They were just excuses: just a refuge. You see, we are a kindly race, and we excuse even politicians if they are ill. I said at once: 'Do you mean to say these illnesses were a sham?' 'Oh no', my friend replied. 'They couldn't help it; they were mentally ill for the time being. Though most of them recovered when the crisis was over'.

It is a bit of a shock, isn't it, to be told when you are feeling ill, that it is your mind that is at fault, and that if you had been really successful and enjoyed what you were doing or were

going to do, you would not have been ill at all? In fact, if your doctor told you that, you would go to another at once. Yet you know there may be something in it, and that is just our little problem at present. How much of this psychology or mind stuff is true and how much of it is rubbish? It's not an easy problem, because sometimes the effect of the mind on the body is most dramatic and certainly beyond all doubt.

Here is an example. A young woman said that if she lay on her right side for fifteen minutes she could not feel on that side. She wasn't shamming, I assure you, for she was tested most thoroughly—almost cruelly. She never even winced when needles were stuck through her skin. She was cured eventually by suggestion, and she went off quite happy and well. Actually what was done was to give a tickling with an electric current and persuade her that it was making her better. I have seen also a man who had lost the power of speech for weeks suddenly recover when an instrument was put into his throat and he was told to shout 'Ah'. Of course, the instrument was only a blind, and there was really nothing wrong with his speaking apparatus; but his mental state was such that he could not speak. You will notice I say 'could not'—quite a different thing from 'would not'. That man *really* believed he could not speak and did not until it was proved to him that he really could, just as the woman could not feel until it was proved to her that she could. Now these are not tall stories. They are the common experiences of every general practitioner, and the condition known as hysteria has been known to doctors for over a thousand years.

Mental Reactions to Pain—in Dogs and Men

The same kind of thing can occur with pain. For example, a man is in a motor accident and has injured his leg and is off work for weeks. Every time he tries to walk, his leg hurts. X-rays show nothing wrong, and the doctor can find nothing wrong. Still he has pain. Eventually the insurance company persuades him to accept a lump sum. He does so, and the pain disappears. Insurance companies have long since learnt that if they give such people indefinite compensation, they turn them into chronic invalids. Now please do not think that such a man is shamming. He most certainly is not.

Now these mental reactions are not confined to man. I remember once seeing a pet dog—a spaniel—which had cut its foot. It was an object of great sympathy in the family and it held the injured paw up for inspection. Eventually the cut healed, but the dog continued to limp and still got much sympathy, until one day, it saw a rabbit and chased it vigorously, forgetting all about its foot. It tried the limping stuff again, but got no sympathy, and the limp soon disappeared. So you see how even a dog can be made into a chronic invalid by sympathy. You see, too, how difficult it must be for a doctor to decide when a patient's complaint is real or mental. So far as the patient is concerned it doesn't matter much, for pain is pain, and he is in the same misery, whatever kind it is: and he doesn't care what makes him better so long as he does get better. He does not consciously know that it is the sympathy or the compensation or the fact that he doesn't like his work that is keeping up his symptoms.

Once, however, he has deceived his doctor and incidentally himself, it is not easy for his doctor to cure him, even if he knows that the complaint is not real. The patient loses his faith in doctors. Off he goes to a quack, who tells him some elaborate story and gives him some fancy and often expensive treatment, and he is cured almost at once and the quack gets all the credit. Of course, a doctor could cure him if he could only get his confidence. So you see a doctor's life is not by any means always a happy one.

All these facts were known before the War. All doctors accepted the fact that there were patients with hysteria or memory pain, but there were the many others who were just put down as suffering from nerves. They sometimes got sympathy—sometimes they didn't. They went from doctor to doctor. Sometimes they lay in bed for years and sometimes they found their way into asylums. Whatever happened to them, they were a misery to themselves and a burden to their friends. In general they were neglected.

Then the War came and everything was changed. The War was not only a physical conflict, but each man had a very considerable inner mental conflict between the sense of self-preservation and the sense of duty which made him fight on in circumstances which made it very doubtful if he would come out of it alive. In those terrible days, we saw physical weaklings become capable of amazing feats of endurance and we saw physical giants crumble under the intense mental strain. The effect of war was not limited to the battlefield. The men might be brave in Flanders, but strange things happened to them when they returned home.

One man I recall took a fit when he travelled on top of a tramcar. At first he baffled his physicians, but eventually it was discovered that the fit was brought on by the shrill sound of the trolley at certain corners. The sound reminded his subconscious self of a shell which had almost killed him. He

had himself forgotten the relationship, but when the sound of the trolley wheel was brought to his notice and impressed upon him, the fits completely disappeared. The discovery of the relationship of the sound to the shell is part of the magic of the modern psychotherapist. During and after the War, hundreds of perfectly normal, sane men, sick of what was called shell-shock, had all manner of complaints and were cured by mental treatment. Such facts made doctors think. They began to realise that in civil life, many patients would benefit from mental treatment. The diagnosis and treatment have now, however, been based on recognised principles. This is the great difference between the new magic and the old, with its belief in amulets and charms. The love philtre is no longer administered and we no longer give strange concoctions such as snakes or elephants. Eventually, I have little doubt, we shall see the disappearance of many of the healing cults and their replacement with more scientific forms of mental therapy.

The New Psychology

Anyone who cares to go into the matter, or, still better, takes the trouble to study the cures, must be profoundly impressed and be convinced that psychology has got beyond the stage of there just being something in it. There is not the slightest doubt that mental therapy is a treatment of most profound curative value and will keep more and more people from becoming chronic invalids, if not actually out of asylums.

Then there is that vast number of people who are not ill. They are just different from other folk. They do not like trains that travel in tunnels, they do not like crowds, they have an excessive hatred of some perfectly good article of food, or they stammer. The New Psychology teaches us that these fears or hates and even repeated bad dreams all have a cause which is buried in the subconscious self and forgotten. If only this forgotten cause can be brought to the surface and realised the fears disappear.

I have already said that those who have such mental ailments are not consciously shamming. You would never accuse a stammerer of shamming. We must all get it out of our heads that there is anything to be ashamed of in these complaints. If there is anybody to blame it is those responsible for the upbringing of the child. The people who have such symptoms are often the salt of the earth. They are the sensitive, imaginative souls. They often lead the world in the arts and sciences. They are the people who give life colour, the enthusiasts, the poets, the weavers of romances. Or to sum it up in the outspoken words of a well-known psychologist, 'They may be a damned nuisance, but they do make us think'. They are just built that way mentally and react briskly to circumstances which leave others unaffected.

The Ordeal of Peacemaking

(Continued from page 599)

arrived agreeing to sign. I at once telephoned the information to London—the first intimation of the acceptance of the terms by the Germans.

The Peace was signed in the Palace of Versailles on June 28. On the twenty-fourth I went with Clemenceau, Balfour, President Wilson and Sonnino (Lloyd George was ill) to make the necessary arrangements. Each of the five Great Powers was to be entitled to invite sixty guests. Clemenceau was in great form. He walked up and down the staircases and corridors like a strong middle-aged man, talking all the time. He showed us where he made his first speech in the Chamber of Deputies held at Versailles fifty years before. He was a remarkable person—essentially French, full of energy, resource and courage, cynical and quick-witted. He gave one a curious feeling of mental and physical activity. I asked him where we should put the photographers. He said, laughing, 'In the dungeons where they can work undisturbed'.

Balfour asked him whether the table on which the Treaty was to be signed was historic. He replied, 'No, but it will serve'. He took strong exception, however, to the inkstand, which was of Empire pattern, and gave orders for it to be replaced.

There was much talk about the sealing and signing of the Treaty. Lloyd George had no seal. He ordered one with D. L. G. on it. Hughes of Australia arrived from London with a magnificent gold fountain-pen. 'Are you going to sign the Treaty with that?' asked someone. 'Yes', said Hughes, 'I bought it for that purpose. I am going to present it to the Commonwealth. It will be put in a museum, and thousands of years hence the people will say, "That is what that little devil signed the Treaty with!"'

The signing of the Peace was a great sight, but from a spectacular point of view badly arranged. News that the Treaty had been signed was telephoned to London by me and my assistants, two of Reuter's men, Turner and Williams. I agreed the time of the signing with the Americans (representatives of the Associated Press) and with the French (representatives of Havas) at 3.12 p.m.

So ended a dramatic six months.

Waterfront and Open Sea—I

Seafaring in the 'Nineties

By DAVID W. BONE

Captain Bone, who tells of his early experiences in this first talk of his series, is at present Commander of the Anchor Line 'Transylvania'. He has also written several books about ships and seafaring life

MERCHANT ships have always been my world and I have lived in them and sailed in them since I was about fifteen. When I think of the ships in which I went to sea in my early days, and compare them with the ship I sail in today, I feel almost as though I were seafaring in another world. This was particularly my reflection recently when, on a customary round of inspection in my ship, I noticed that the plants and flowers in the garden lounges and places like that seemed to be wilting badly. I spoke of this to the Chief Steward and his reply set me thinking of a voyage I made, in the full-rigged ship *City of Florence*, out of Antwerp and bound for San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. We had been icebound in the Scheldt for two months, in the great frost of 1890, and it may be that our hull was badly fouled by that long lay up, for a ship quickly collects a growth of weed and shell in tidal water. Anyway, we made a very long passage—five months at sea, I think—and for the last month we were reduced to an allowance of about one cupful of water per day, not good water at that, but the dirty rainwater we had collected from the decks in squally weather. A cupful a day per man. Oh, I forgot to tell you what the Chief Steward said when

lowered cleanly and quietly into the hold, with only two brawny Flemish longshoremen at the ends of a hand winch. I expect I registered a vow to sail in no 'steam-kettles' then and there, but, like so many of my callow resolutions, that vow had to be adapted in later years.

One thousand tons. That was the size of the *City of Florence*. I have seventeen thousand tons to take care of when I go to sea now and, at that, feel put in my place when passengers—thinking maybe of *Berengarias* or *Majestics*—refer to my *little* ship. But sometimes they add *nice* to the little ship, to mollify my ruffled feelings, perhaps to justify their hardihood in taking passage in only seventeen thousand tons. Then I suppose this matter of ship relativity is emphasised on the voyages I make when, on our passage down the river Clyde, we steer close to the growing hull of the new Cunarder at Clydebank. She is to be of about seventy-one thousand tons. As I see her there in her building slip, towering far above the considerable Town Hall, I wonder if someone may call her a *little* ship, perhaps even a *nice* little ship, twenty or more years from now! But then, these succeeding liners of such enormous tonnage cause us to lift our eyes in wonder, and that may bring more of the sky into our outlook. I suppose it will be there the generations to come will look for their wonderful ships. But that is still a long way ahead, and the sea is never likely to be deserted of traffic, however crowded the sky may become.

How quickly the sailing ship passed from the sea when once the owners had solved the problem of serving fuel to the stokehold fires. I do not mean the actual shovelling—though that had to be developed too, and it is not quite the simple matter of placing a cob or two with the tongs—but the business of establishing coaling stations abroad and getting coal in quantity stocked there so that steamers could replenish their bunkers. At the time I was so pleased with my first appointment to the sea, in the real ship that I compared so arrogantly with the grimy steamers: sailing ships



The *City of Florence* off San Francisco in 1891

By courtesy of the author

I spoke about the wilting of the plants and flowers. He said he thought the fresh water we had taken on at the last port of call was somewhat hard in chemical content and the plants were accustomed to our soft Glasgow water! The poor plants.

Yes. Certainly ships and seafaring have changed greatly since I went to sea on my first voyage about forty-four years ago. The *City of Florence* was of about one thousand tons, considered quite a large ship in her day. I can remember my first awed survey of her when I joined her in Antwerp. The tall masts, the long tapered yards, the maze of rigging and running gear, set her out above the somewhat mean-looking steamers of the day that lay in the Afrika Dock with her. In these steamers there was a great rattle of cargo winches, with spurts of white steam blowing out, a noisy business as I thought in comparison with the loading operations on board the sailing ship. There was no steam in her. Her cargo of barrels of cement was rolled out on a staging and, from there, lifted and

were, I think, in greater numbers than steamships on the register of Lloyds. It was even thought that steamships could not profitably be employed in other than mail and passenger services and in the short-voyage coastal trades. I suppose the cost of transporting coal abroad was the cause of delay in steamship development at this time. But not a great delay; on my second voyage to sea my ship, like almost all others of her class, was carrying bunker coal abroad for the steamers that were to drive her from the seas. There are few sailing ships now; I do not think there are any under British register. I must admit myself a sentimentalist and regret the passing of these noble ships, but the tradition that was bred in them is not gone and this is our strength today.

There are ways and means of getting on terms of intimacy with a ship, other than the technical business of poring over her plans. In a sailing ship one gained an impression of her speed and sea behaviour by the sense of sight. There

was this much in the lean of the ship, her steady mass resistance to the weight of the wind; and that much in the curve of her canvas to convey some impression of her progress: her wake astern—the line of troubled water that marks her course—would give a further guide to the sailor eye. But the steamship, unless she be passing some seamark, does not show her paces in the same way. Her energetic nerves are below deck, but it is possible to feel her pulse and listen to her symptoms without the need to go on deck and watch her. I remember one steamship in which this pulse gave me a very accurate report of her speed when I placed my fingers on the handle of a door in my cabin. Each thrust of the engines was registered there and, by counting the revolutions per minute, I could almost figure up the time and date of an arrival in port. And this was not all I could learn by attention to her signs. Every creak and groan in her meant something or other; this, that perhaps she was being overdriven a bit; another, that she did not like the run of the sea and would welcome a small alteration of course to ease her labours; or maybe a recurrent and protesting groan in the steering gear overhead would tell me that it was time the lee engine was slowed a bit to aid the overworked rudder. Every creak and groan, she knew. Ships know. I remember an occasion in a new ship. Very bad weather in the Atlantic had met her on her first voyage. Among other damage, an oil fuel supply pipe was fractured. The Chief Engineer called up to say that we would have to stop until the pipes were cleared: 'we couldn't burn salt water' was what he said. I was not very happy about it. She was a new ship and I did not know her then as I know her now. There was a very heavy nor'west gale. It was in anticipation of unholy doings in the trough of the high dangerous sea that I watched her lose steerage way when the engines were stopped. To my astonishment, she, of her own doing, took up a position that I could not have bettered with the engines and helm at command, and lay nodding at the seas, completely sure of herself. After watching her for awhile, I went below to play myself a hand at patience.

Now, is it any wonder that we sailors think our ships have life in them? I have told you how ships talk to their sailors, and now I would like to tell you about a sailor talking to his ship, and I know what her reply was—else I wouldn't be talking to you now. That was off the Stags of Broadhaven on the west coast of Ireland, in a sailing ship. A coastal pilot whom we had engaged in Falmouth made some miscalculation that placed us on a lee shore just off these jagged rocks; the only hope we had lay in the weatherly qualities of our ship, in her ability to sail to windward of the rocks. A strong westerly gale was blowing. Let me explain that ability to sail to windward in such a stress as this is simply the strength of the ship herself, the strength of her sails and gear—and, of course, the courage of the man who handles her. I can still see the squat ungainly figure of that master seaman who commanded the *City of Florence* as he stood akimbo, his legs widespread to meet the urgings of the ship, beside the steersman. He did not say much; there was not much to be said; only his great sailor hands went this way and that to guide the helmsman. His eyes were not bent on the cruel reef that was almost under our bows. There, the long westerly sea that was matched to beat us and lodge us all with Davy Jones was thundering in high white foam. But old Captain Leask had no immediate eye for that. I think I can feel something of what went on in his mind, for he bred me to the sea. He would be thinking of what had been done to prepare his ship for this ordeal. Of the stout new gear that he had ordered to be stretched and rove off in the languorous fine weather of the tropics—for just this. Of the hard storm canvas that, at his orders, had replaced the lighter and somewhat worn sails that brought



Heavy weather on a sailing ship

Nautical Press Agency

us through the trades—for just this. He had no eye for the beetling Stags, white-ripped and foaming as they were; his eyes were frozen to the curve of canvas aloft, to the manifest strain on sheet and tack, a strain that only one who knew their honesty could bear to consider. At intervals, he would talk to his ship. As his hand would cup inward in signal to the steersman to hold her close, his lips might mutter, 't'wind'ard! . . . t'wind'ard! . . . Ye ne'er failed me yet!' . . . I say his lips *might* mutter these words—for I did not hear. But this I did see and hear. When my beloved first love, the *City of Florence*, swept past the Stags of Broadhaven at but a cable's length and brought me here to speak to you, I saw Captain William Leask step to the weather rail, slap the smooth teakwood with a resounding *wha-p-p*. 'Done it, ye bitch', he roared. 'Weathered it! . . . By Goad!'

With the publication of Julian Duguid's *Green Hell*, H. E. Bates' *Thirty Tales*, and J. W. N. Sullivan's *But for the Grace of God*, the Traveller's Library has just reached its two hundred mark. Its record is certainly one that Messrs. Jonathan Cape can take pride in: and not only for producing such classics, both ancient and modern, as *Dubliners*, *Earlham*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Renaissance*, *Closed All Night* and *The Alps from End to End*, at three-and-sixpence each, but also for showing that a cheap edition can be entirely satisfactory to look at, to read, and to possess. From the beginning they set a very high standard in type and binding, and the measure of their success can be judged in the encouragement they have given other publishers to do likewise, with the result that the average three-and-sixpenny of today is a very different and more pleasant book from that of twelve years ago.

*Pillars of the English Church—VI**Samuel Wilberforce*

By the Rev. Dr. S. C. CARPENTER

MOST people, even those who are not very familiar with Church affairs, have a sort of idea that a bishop leads a busy life. And so he does. It is probable that the dearest wishes of his own heart are two in number. The first is somehow to secure those spaces of quiet time for devotion and study which will make him able to give a true and wise lead to those who look to him for help. The other is to know the clergy and principal laity of all his parishes so reasonably well that he becomes to them not the remote referee or disciplinary officer, but the friend and Father in God. But outwardly the bishop seems to be a man who, besides his central work in London, has some hundreds of parishes to oversee, a great many Confirmations, a great deal of travelling and letter-writing, a great many speeches and sermons to deliver. Wherever he goes in his diocese, it is an occasion, and he is expected to say something worth hearing and worth remembering.

Much of this is a comparatively new thing. Samuel Wilberforce began it. Ninety years ago, bishops were learned, respectable, and inactive. In 1845 Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford. He changed the whole idea of what a bishop ought to do and be. He was so ubiquitous, so versatile, and so efficient, that he may truly be said to have remodelled the episcopate.

He was the son of William Wilberforce, the leader of that famous group of Evangelical Churchmen who procured the Abolition of the Slave Trade, 'one of the three or four perfectly virtuous acts', as Lecky said, 'recorded in the history of nations'. The father seldom indulged the lighter side of his nature. The son had fundamentally all his father's serious outlook upon life, but in him much of the gaiety which the father had sternly repressed came to the surface. He had a great deal of social charm, of which he made full use. In early life he was in considerable danger of being spoiled by success. He became an Archdeacon at the age of thirty-two, a Chaplain to Prince Albert, and a great favourite at Court. One of the Court ladies wrote: 'I never saw a more agreeable man. . . . What good he has in his power! Ten talents indeed!' There are manifest dangers in popularity on this scale, but he had in him a real earnestness and a real simplicity which ultimately saved him. He was helped in this by two things which befell him. One was a great tragedy, the early death of his wife. This was to him a lifelong sadness. It is not too much to say that he grieved for her loss every single day of the two-and-thirty years of life which remained for him. The other was the line which he took when Dr. Hampden, a divine whose orthodoxy was questioned, was appointed Bishop of Hereford. The line he took satisfied nobody. He went far enough in the matter of protest to displease the Government, and he did not go far enough to please those whose orthodoxy had been offended. It is likely enough that, but for this, he would have become Archbishop of Canterbury in the following year. He was even then the most conspicuous of the bishops. And he would certainly have succeeded Longley in the Primacy in 1868 if Gladstone had become Prime Minister six months earlier. But Disraeli had just appointed Tait.

At Oxford he threw himself into the work of organising the diocese with extraordinary zeal. Confirmations in most parts of England had been disorderly, sometimes even scandalous. He made them reverent and impressive. Even Ordinations had been conducted with what seems to us an unpardonable lack of care. The examination was formal, and the atmosphere of the Ordination itself was frigid and unspiritual. Wilberforce took immense pains to test the motives of the men, to examine their ability, and to make the three days, which they spent with him before the Ordination, a solemn and searching experience. His way of rejecting men who were ill-prepared was so fatherly and so penetrating that it did good both to those who disappeared for ever, and to those who came back, better prepared, next time. He conducted missions in all parts of the diocese, and often he would confirm three times in a day. During his twenty-four years at Oxford he promoted the

building of one hundred and six new churches, the rebuilding of fifteen, and the restoration of two hundred and fifty. He created diocesan societies, and was himself the life and soul of all his organisation. When he was sixty-five, one of his archdeacons said: 'You are doing, as of old, three days' work in one; so that, if a man's life may be measured by his work your age is now one hundred and ninety-five years of ordinary mortals'. One of his fellow bishops wrote, 'You have introduced such a system into the episcopate that one has time for nothing'.

Besides his work at Oxford, he was so active in the House of Lords, on public platforms in London and indeed all over the country, that he was often spoken of as 'the Bishop of the Church of England'. In the House of Lords he had Homeric encounters with Lord Westbury, the Lord Chancellor. Westbury disliked bishops, especially Wilberforce. He once went so far as to allude in Parliament to the Bishop's nickname of 'Soapy Sam', a name which the Bishop himself is said to have explained as meaning that he was always in hot water, and always came out of it with clean hands. The Bishop, without transgressing the rules of polite controversy, could quite hold his own with Westbury. He was once walking when he met Westbury in his carriage. The Lord Chancellor said: 'Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners'; the Bishop completed the verse: 'and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful'. He was not always so successful; he laid himself open to a very damaging and deserved rebuke from Thomas Henry Huxley at a meeting of the British Association, and he was once very neatly scored off by one of his own clergy. He had pointed out that for a young curate to go out hunting had a worldly appearance. The curate replied that the Bishop had been to a ball at Blenheim Palace. The Bishop explained that he had been staying in the house, but he had never come within three rooms of the dancing. 'Oh, if it comes to that', said the curate, 'I am never within three fields of the hounds'.

There were some who thought that he was not perfectly sincere. But those who saw most of him thoroughly believed in him. The fact was that he was above all things the ecclesiastic, and he was moreover so versatile that it was only to be expected that some would regard him as 'the high priest of expediency'. The man himself, who is so described, generally calls it 'knocking in a nail where it will go'. Wilberforce's motto was the Pauline, 'All things to all men, that I may by all means save some'. It is a dangerous motto; St. Paul was a glorious example of how it can be fulfilled. Of Wilberforce it may perhaps be said that he survived the temptation of the attempt to fulfil it with singular success.

Two things remain to be said. Was it a good thing for the Church to set up this active ideal of a bishop's life? There are some who seriously believe that it was a great mistake. The bishop, they think, ought to have the dignity which belongs to remoteness; if we see him too often, he becomes too cheap. My own answer is that activity may in itself be futile, and if, in his active, the bishop were to forget that the work of spiritual leadership needs time for thought and prayer, it would be fatal. Given that, I suggest that his position may be left to take care of itself. His work is the cure of souls in his diocese. When he admits a new vicar to a parish, he says: 'I institute thee to this parish, to have the cure of souls, your cure and mine'.

The other point is the relation of Wilberforce to the Oxford Movement. He became Bishop of Oxford in 1845, the very year in which Newman despaired of the Church of England and went over to Rome. The Bishop was what would nowadays be called a moderate High Churchman. It has often been observed in English political life that the Radicals bring in a Measure which is thought extravagant and does not succeed. The Conservatives subsequently carry something very like it. Newman was the Radical, Wilberforce was the Conservative, and the subsequent Measure is the change which has come over the Church of England since 1845. They would not have Newman. They have accepted Wilberforce. And now the question is—How much does that imply?

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Whither Britain?

May I venture a mild protest with regard to the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot's 'Whither Britain?' address? The keynote of this address is contained in his own words, 'We do not understand what is happening'. While this quotation conveys an opinion which is decidedly true of politicians of whatever shade, it is quite untrue of the economic scientist, and indeed of any ordinary man in the street who troubles to use his brains. What is happening now is very well understood indeed, even as it was understood and foreseen generations ago—a fact, and not 'flapdoodle', with which any student of the social sciences is perfectly familiar. It is evident that our problems cannot be solved by gentlemen who 'do not understand what is happening', and who appear to be temperamentally incapable of such an understanding. In such circumstances, the best we can expect is that which we are receiving—a series of childish trial-and-error experiments, the results of which are definitely indeterminable and quite possibly disastrous. Whereas we should have the application of remedies the results of which can be scientifically, and therefore accurately, *predetermined*. However, this is, alas, far too much to expect of the unscientific political mind.

Brentwood

SIDNEY HALL

I can imagine that no greater disservice could be done to England or the world at the present time than by adversely criticising Mr. Walter Elliot's great broadcast to the detriment or diminution of public understanding of its content. Mr. Elliot himself spoke courteously of his colleagues in administration of affairs of State. He must carry at least some of them with him before his courageous and enlightened lead is fruitful. The comparative method of assessing his accomplishment is therefore not the best at the moment. The point is that again, as in his Aberdeen address (very unfortunately not broadcast and only scrappily reported in the Press) the Minister revealed that, whoever does not know what the modern problem is, *he does know* and is willing that the community should share his knowledge.

Yet I submit that this body of knowledge, simple as it is, all-important, and so terribly difficult (apparently) either to spread or to possess, is still held in two containers even in Mr. Elliot's mind; or is held separately by Dr. W. E. Elliot, the medical scientist, and by the Right Hon. Walter Elliot, the legislator. And this may be disastrous for both of them and for us. If only these two able men could be got to co-ordinate their separate aptitudes and experiences they might be welded into a single personality carrying a single effective force more than sufficient to restore to Britain her lost fortune and the creative leadership of the world. The New State (by which I hope and believe Mr. Elliot means the New Condition, not the New Rulership, of Man) would be born, and the name of our country by virtue of a purely intellectual conquest over modern perils, would be shining with fame. Nor are these eventualities mere opportunity: they are a duty as implicit in the creative history of our race as any past event. Yet the co-ordination of which I write cannot be achieved while Mr. Elliot himself dallies with such fashionable misconceptions as that 'it is a question of psychology and not of Economics', or that 'calculations on this subject [unemployment] which begin from economic bases begin wrong, and will end up wrong'. I know that each of these examples had a context and that its context was weightier than itself. But each is there as a stumbling-block to understanding and to co-ordination. Mr. Walter Elliot has *not* yet stated the modern question, and it is this: Whether or not men and women acting individually or collectively will overcome the resistance to the adoption of the appropriate technical means for distributing the product of industry.

I submit that that formula is acceptable to Dr. Elliot and to Mr. Elliot, taken together; but that they cannot yet bring themselves jointly to adopt it. It is psychological and it is economic and it renders explicit the only sense in which the psychological

element in our modern problem is paramount. Whether men and women overcome the resistance is a matter of human psychology; the appropriate technical means are economic—and they are *known*, as Mr. Elliot is well aware.

Liverpool University

TUDOR JONES

Typography and the Typewriter

Mention of my name in this correspondence has persuaded me to write from the designer's point of view. It is undoubtedly true that typewriter design 'stood still' for many years, as Mr. Ll. Wyn Griffith suggested. Equally true that the problem is mainly one for the designer of the typewriter itself, as Mr. Harry Carter put it in his interesting letter.

A designer, however, expects to work with due regard to technicalities, and therein lies his interest in his work. 'Gayton' typewriter type was designed primarily in an attempt to obtain increased legibility in original letters, carbon copies and stencils. The 'graceful lines' mentioned by Mr. Carter are incidental, and whilst his illustrations were well chosen to illustrate the spacing difficulty, they were too scanty to cover other, and to my mind equally important, points. For instance, the abnormally long serifs on standard typewriter types, the over-emphasised terminal dots on such letters as a, f, y and r, and the 'Greek key' design of T, E and F, tend to clog, especially in carbon copies. c becomes indistinguishable from o and there are other weaknesses which I tried to eliminate, but which could only be made clear by an illustration showing complete alphabets.

Standard Pica Type

QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG

quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog

£123456789@&

Gayton Type

QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG

quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog

£1234567890@&

A concluding point which tends to refute the suggestion that the British manufacturer is loath to work with the artist is that the Imperial Typewriter Company, Ltd., took the initiative in the matter and gave me an entirely free hand.

Leicester

FRANK GAYTON

Religious Pictures for Children

Mr. Adam Wright's letter reiterates in many respects the challenge which the Council of Christian Education desired to make through the recent Exhibition of pictures to which he refers. Following the appeal from ministers and clergy, headmasters and headmistresses, the Council conferred with publishers, who said that a great deal of the best among their productions was insufficiently known to the public. The publishers were therefore invited to display in this Exhibition what they regarded as their most suitable pictures. The public was invited to come and to exercise its judgment, recording this on the papers provided for the purpose. The Council will receive a report on the Exhibition and will consider what are the wisest steps to take in order to stimulate the reproduction of good pictures representing Jesus Christ as well as to encourage further original work on the part of artists.

May I suggest that while mediæval painters had an acknowledged genius, they naturally expressed this in their own idiom? Children may and do appreciate some of the great

classical pictures which Mr. Adam Wright takes as his standard. This, however, is no reason for ruling out the use of a modern idiom, and if religious pictures are to have educational as well as æsthetic value, we may hope that artists of today will be able successfully to combine the technique of the present age with a fuller and more accurate knowledge of what Palestine and its people were like in the time of Our Lord than obviously the mediæval painters had.

Birmingham

BASIL A. YEAXLEE

Psychic Phenomena

IN THE LISTENER of March 14, your reviewer states: 'If "Margery's" claim can be substantiated she can revolutionise science in a night', a statement which he certainly cannot substantiate. Science has not been revolutionised on the evidence of such men as the late Sir William Crookes, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Camille Flammarion, and the grand old man of science, Sir Oliver Lodge, and many other great scientists who have testified to the truth of survival. Science has entrenched itself behind the ancient walls of orthodoxy and will not be moved by the evidence of mere psychic researchers. If this were not so, there would have been no need for Sir Oliver Lodge to appeal in his last talk 'that science should be comprehensive enough to include a treatment of the whole, to exclude no facts which can be responsibly maintained on scientific evidence to have occurred'.

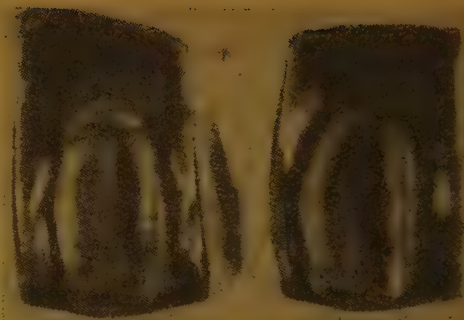
As for the sneer at miracles that are produced in back parlours, does your reviewer know that on October 15, 1933, 350 people were present at the banqueting hall, Thames House, where the voices of twenty-one so-called 'dead', who spoke in all the well-known dialects of the United Kingdom, were broadcast through loudspeakers? Your reviewer might have been present if he was seriously interested in psychic research. Does the Thames House experiment also come under the 'back parlour' category? Another such experiment will be repeated on April 28, at 7.30 p.m., at the Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street, W.1, before an audience of 500 people. Here is his opportunity to witness one of those 'back parlour' performances.

Wimbledon

N. ZERDIN

It is a pity that Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is not more accurate. He refers to a 'micro-photograph' when he means a photo-micrograph, and mentions Dr. Tillyard's *solus* sitting as being held 'in London', whereas it took place 3,000 miles away at the house of Dr. J. J. Skirball, in Commonwealth Avenue, Boston (Mass.), a few doors from the medium's residence. Your correspondent omits the fact that although Dr. Tillyard was alone with 'Margery' during the seance, there were two persons outside the door: these were the medium's husband and Mr. E. E. Dudley, the man who afterwards discovered that the 'ghost's' thumbprints were identical with those of 'Margery's' friend, the Boston dentist. I have discussed this sitting with Dr. Tillyard, who admits that he knows little about methods of deception. Dr. Tillyard is a distinguished entomologist, not a conjurer. I should like to see 'Margery' make the same impression on a physicist of established reputation. As for the photo-micrographs which you reproduce from Mr. Thorogood's work, even assuming that these have not been deliberately faked, they mean very little. In *Psychic Science* (July 1928, page 131) Dr. Crandon says: 'We find in the seventy imprints of "Walter's" thumb that no two are absolutely alike'. Father Thurston, S.J., in quoting this statement, says (*Light*, March 9, 1934, page 150): 'In these circumstances, can any reliance be placed upon so highly magnified a presentment of the delta as that reproduced? From what print of "Walter's" thumb was the enlargement made? We are not told. . . . It seems unfortunate that what Mr. Thorogood calls the standard "Walter" thumbprint (*Walter Hands*, Fig. 27, facing page 28) is a print made *after* Mr. Dudley had shown the identity of "Walter's" early thumbprints with those of Dr. K. [the dentist]'. The small differences which exist between the various prints alleged to be 'Walter's' can easily be explained by assuming that slight variations of pressure, angle, etc., were employed on different occasions, assuming that 'Margery' makes the 'spirit' thumbprints with a mould which by some means she introduces into the seance-room. When I saw the performance, this could have been done quite easily. Can such moulds be made? They can. In the issue of *Liberty* (New York weekly) for March 10, 1934, Mr. Samri Frikell has an article, 'The Greatest Psychic Chuckle of the Age', in which he describes how dies or stamps of thumbprints have been produced, the artificial prints being *indistinguishable from those of the real thumb* that impressed the wax. I enclose a photograph of these dies.

So now we have the following facts, which are *not* disputed: (1) The dentist sat with 'Margery' more than 70 times in 1923-4; (2) he instructed her how to make thumbprints in dental wax; (3) he gave her impressions of his own thumbs



Dies or stamps of thumbprints moulded in wax, which give prints indistinguishable from the impress of the real thumb

in dental wax; (4) later, 180 wax imprints of a 'ghost's' thumb were produced; (5) all these prints have now been proved to be identical with those of the dentist's; (6) even the Crandon party still admit that the right thumbprints are identical with those of the dentist's, and still admit that the *early* left thumbprints are identical with those of the very man who showed 'Margery' how to make the prints, supplied her with the wax, and gave her impressions of his own thumbs! It is only the *later* left prints which are in dispute; (7) dies can be made from a person's thumbprints. 'Margery' has been working hard as a medium since May, 1923, and her greatest triumph is a 'ghost's' thumbprint which has been proved by the New York Police Department to be identical with that of a thumb of one of her friends. Need I continue?

I do not agree with your correspondent's remarks about science and psychical research. If a panel appointed by the Royal Society pronounced the 'Walter' thumbprints as supernatural, official science would accept its findings. As for Zöllner, Crookes, and Wallace, the German astronomer based his belief in the abnormal on the 'phenomena' of a man (Henry Slade) who fled from London after Ray Lankester had prosecuted him for fraudulent mediumship (1876); Crookes' best-known experiments (1873-4) were with Florrie Cook, who, at a seance on January 9, 1880, was seized by Sir George Sitwell, and was found to be dressed only in her underclothes, masquerading as a ghost. Wallace received most of his psychic education at the hands of Slade (convicted and sentenced); Eglinton (exposed); Monck (convicted and sentenced); and Mrs. Guppy, who, in 1872, was alleged to have been instantaneously 'transported', during a seance, from Highbury to Lamb's Conduit Street (3 miles)—a 'transit of Venus' which is still cited by the credulous. The gentlemen named by your correspondent were the pioneers of scientific psychical research, but, unfortunately, their own 'inquiries into the unknown' were usually far from scientific.

YOUR REVIEWER

[This correspondence is now closed—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Fire-Walking

There seems little reason to assume that there is anything magical in fire-walking, if the nature of the fire, and the properties of charcoal and ashes prepared from brushwood, are understood. In the first place, charcoal obtained from burning wood is very different from commercial charcoal; it is softer, more porous and less conductive of heat. In the second place, the glowing embers of a brushwood fire are made up of very small pieces of charcoal and contain a large amount of true ash (mineral matter). When piled in a heap, or, better still, placed in a trench, the air is quite excluded from all but the topmost layer. This alone burns and the charcoal and ash from underneath can be held in the hand without discomfort.

The charcoal burns away on the surface and leaves a deposit of fine white ash, which, if not blown away by the wind, settles among the embers, so that, after a time, only the points of charcoal that emerge continue to glow. If the hand, with fingers closed, is pressed firmly on this surface, the air is excluded and the burning charcoal is immediately extinguished. The highly porous nature of the charcoal makes it a poor conductor of heat, so that, while feeling hot (because of the ash), it does not burn. Where, however, the glowing embers touch the sides of the hand, they are not extinguished and small burns will result unless the hand is given some movement. If the depth of ashes is sufficient to allow the hand to sink in, the risk of burning is small.

All accounts of fire-walking ceremonials show that the preparation of the fire is very important and that it is allowed to

smoulder for a considerable time before the walking begins. Considerable mental detachment is required, and loss of confidence and panic will result in burns.

Norwich

VICTOR G. HANES

Your photograph in LISTENER of March 21, of 'Fiji Islanders dancing on red-hot stones' is misleading. The clouds of steam show that it is a scene *after* the fire-walk, when *dracena* roots enveloped in quantities of green leaves have been put on the stones to cook and covered with earth upon which the men are tramping. In any case, the steam indicates that the stones are still very hot.

Oxford

E. S. THOMAS

Inquiry into the Unknown

I do not find Cyril A. Kaye's reply to my question satisfying. Granting that 'for every effect there is a cause and no single action by a human being is ever without some initial stimulus', I still cannot see that this affects my contention. Suppose my sub-conscious self foresees that I shall be killed on the road by a motor-car next week, can I stay in my own house and garden during that week, or shall I be forced to go out against my rational will? And what about the motorist? Is he, likewise, affected by the 'various stimuli' that govern my actions, so that he is bound to kill me on his way? If so, is he not predestined to do it, and am I not predestined to be his victim?

Wellingborough

MARY L. PENDERED

Modern Music

Mr. Avery's attack upon modern music in your issue for March 28 calls for a reply. My preferences, like Mr. Avery's, are actually for the music of the old masters, but my preferences do not prevent me from taking a keen interest in contemporary music, much of which I both enjoy and admire. I will not deny that much modern music, especially when listened to casually, appears to be nothing more than a succession of dissonant sounds. But, in the interests of art, is it not perfectly fair and logical to allow modern works to be heard? How otherwise can anyone accustom himself to recognise the trend of contemporary art? Because the nature of some modern musical works is so startlingly unusual, is not that rather a reason for becoming further acquainted with its peculiarities than for stopping one's ears to it?

It is a well-known fact that familiarity with music breeds, not contempt, but more intelligent understanding and consequently a greater degree of appreciation, so we may safely conclude that familiarity with modern works will aid us to understand and appreciate them better. I might add that Mr. Avery's strong denunciation of modern music is merely the result of his falling into the very common error of roundly abusing and criticising something because he has failed to understand it and therefore develops a grudge against it.

Earl's Court

A. L. VARGAS

Difficulties of the School Teacher

May I ask why 'School Teacher' remarks that 'The products of our public schools are bent on maintaining an order based on ignorance, and cannot understand why the school age should be raised', etc.? In the better of our public schools, at least, boys are taught to understand the social and political problems of the day. And surely those who see the difficulties of a master in charge of twenty-five boys are the last to scorn those who have to deal with fifty or sixty? Rather it is the case that those who have not had the benefits of a good education themselves grumble at paying more taxes to keep their children a few years longer from earning their living, and cannot see why teachers who have hitherto looked after fifty children should have charge of only twenty in the future.

The future does indeed lie with education, and in great measure with the teaching of boys and girls to read the newspapers with intelligence. The public schools are often blamed because boys are fed upon Conservative papers and views alone; in fact, however, they learn what is behind the chief newspapers of the day, and realise that it is impossible to know what is really happening in the world by merely taking word for word what is set before them in any one paper. It would help matters considerably if in our national schools likewise children were encouraged to understand that the editors of many newspapers are concerned with informing their readers not of important events, but of what their readers want to know.

Birmingham

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY

'The King's Tryall'

In my opening letter on this subject I said (though, doubtless for reasons of space, the words were omitted from THE LISTENER) that King Charles had his virtues and his loyalties. No one in these days wishes to blackguard him. But Cromwell was the greater man, and he, too, deserves not to be black-guarded. If your readers have seen the *Sunday Times* instalments of Mr. Buchan's new book on Cromwell and have read that of March 4, they will note how, up to a month before the King's execution, Cromwell was seeking to find some way or other out of the impending tragedy. Never did man toil harder in a cause. Such is the considered verdict of the historians who trouble to read the evidence. In case the blackguarding school have proofs on the other side, I urge them to send the same at once to Mr. Buchan, in order that his book may have the benefit. These gentlemen scarcely seem to possess a sense of real tragedy—of a clash of opposed principles, of a problem insoluble in the circumstances of the time and in view of the character of the ill-fated King. They can see nothing but a royal saint and a gang of puritan ruffians. 'Facts', of which they seem so fond, tell a different story. But perhaps, as Bernard Shaws says, 'England does not deserve to have great men'.

Chingford

F. H. HAYWARD

I think it only fair that Cromwell should speak for himself in this controversy, and I quote from a letter which Oliver Cromwell sent to Colonel Robert Hammond, who was in charge of the King's person in the Isle of Wight. Hammond was apparently troubled (like some of the correspondents to you) about the action of the Army in forcing a majority in the House. Cromwell writes:

I find some trouble in your spirit, occasioned . . . by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, that it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force a numerical majority, etc.; All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so your ground fails, and so likewise your inference . . . the query is whether ours is such a case? To this I shall say nothing, but only desire thee to see what is thine own heart to two or three plain considerations . . . [I will only quote the third] . . . whether this army be not a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name, since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by its power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself?

The execution of King Charles I did, to quote Thomas Carlyle, 'strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkysim universally in this world. Whereof Flunkysim, Cant, Cloth worship or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since'. Oliver Cromwell would have saved the King's life, but Charles by his private actions tried to keep the Presbyterian element and the Army apart to gain his own ends. He had already been the cause of two Civil Wars and would not have ceased to cause strife and bloodshed in the maintaining of his false creed 'the Divine Right of Kings'. Cromwell was the instrument of God to free Englishmen from a kingly tyranny, and he did his work well.

Liverpool

R. F. HENDERSON

A Yorkshire Listening Group

I would like to give some idea as to how we have carried on the Bradford Adult Schools Wireless Group. We have just finished our fourth winter session, and we have always met on Thursday evenings in the homes of various members who had wireless sets. We have found this method very successful, and our average attendance has been about fourteen, although during the interesting series on Rural Britain by Professor Scott Watson, our attendance slightly improved, and we—mostly industrialists—learnt quite a lot about our fellows in the rural districts of our country. The 'Industrial Britain' series by Professor John Hilton, has also been exceedingly interesting, and the attendance reached twenty-one. Probably being identified with the textile industry mainly accounted for the keenness of our group about the talks by Professor Hilton, and we have had several very profitable discussions after the broadcasts. We have a rota of four houses at which we meet, and we are convinced that this fireside meeting is better than meeting in a room, as we get away from all formality. I am calling attention to this type of meeting in case there may be some who are at a loss as to how to get a group started.

Bradford

SMITH PICKLES

Books and Authors

In the Lists of the Law

Lord Reading and his Cases. By Derek Walker-Smith. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

Mr. Justice McCardie: a Biography. By George Pollock. Bodley Head. 15s.

'THE BAR IS A PROFESSION' (said Mr. Buckmaster—as he then was—in a Commons debate) 'where competition is pitiless and fierce, a profession where few men win and many fail'. Whence, no doubt, arises much of the attraction attaching to memoirs of great advocates. Such, indeed, is the richness of the material available that it would be difficult to make a dull book of the life of Rufus Isaacs, and so far from Mr. Derek Walker-Smith's having done so, his *Lord Reading and his Cases* has an interest worthy of its subject. People complain that romance is dead and seek refuge in period costume novels. Yet Rufus Isaacs, who first sailed up the Hooghly to Calcutta as a cabin-boy, next visited India as the Viceroy of the King-Emperor, holder of the most spectacular of all the offices in the gift of the British Crown. Incidentally, it was on his first voyage to India as a cabin-boy that he pleaded—and won—his first cause. The crew entrusted to him the presentation to the martinet Captain of their grievances and his plea for their amelioration was granted.

It must be confessed, however, that it was love of adventure, and not financial stringency, that caused young Rufus to ship before the mast, and that he could, if so inclined, have approached the Bar by a more conventional apprenticeship than by being a cabin-boy and thereafter 'hammered' on the Stock Exchange. That latter youthful defeat he turned into victory, since he subsequently used the expert knowledge he had acquired in Throgmorton Street to great advantage as a barrister, as, for example, in his victory over Whittaker Wright, whose conviction he secured after the Attorney-General (Sir Robert Finlay) had declined to authorise a prosecution, and the Solicitor-General had said 'Will anyone get up and say that a man can be prosecuted because he publishes a false balance-sheet?'

How Rufus Isaacs got up and said it, and secured a conviction—so swiftly followed by Whittaker Wright's dramatic suicide—is the subject of one of the not least interesting chapters of Mr. Walker-Smith's interesting book. It is indeed a varied feast that is spread forth:—Allen v. Flood, a corner-stone of trade-union law; the story of the bank-clerk Goudie who robbed his bank of over £150,000 to pass over to blackmailing bookmakers whilst he spent but £1 a week on his own board and lodging; the Hartopp divorce case wherein the beautiful Mrs. Sands chivalrously went into the witness box in the interests of justice at however much personal unpleasantness for herself; the Taff Vale case (out of which arose the legislative immunity of trade unions from legal proceedings); the topsy-turvy Gordon custody case, where a wife and her husband's cousin fought to convince the Court that they had infringed the Seventh Commandment with all the vigour people ordinarily use to prove the contrary; the great victory for the freedom of the Press in securing the acquittal of Sir Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, from a charge of criminal libel over his criticisms of eight members of the Licensing Committee of the Liverpool Justices; not to mention the incredible story of Roger Casement and his 'invasion' of Ireland.

These and many other cases the reader will find skilfully presented in the book justly called *Lord Reading and his Cases*, since the book is first and last of 'his cases' and the biographical details are limited to the slenderest thread possible on which to string an account of the cases. The cases too are recorded in such a manner as to be largely a background for Rufus Isaacs himself. There is an exception to this when Sir Rufus Isaacs' attendance at the *Titanic* disaster enquiry serves as a peg on which to hang a dramatic chapter of that tragedy of the high seas, but this the reader will readily excuse.

Though Mr. Derek Walker-Smith is naturally attracted by an admittedly magnetic personality, he does not hesitate to weigh and criticise fairly and dispassionately his hero's action in invoking, at the Admiralty's behest, Crown privilege to deny a hearing to young Archer-Shee, branded (wrongfully as was eventually admitted in open Court) as a forger of a signature on a postal order. Similarly too the author deals with Sir Rufus Isaacs' indiscretion in buying American Marconi shares, and failing to disclose that purchase at the first discussion of alleged dealings in British Marconi shares. This indiscretion threatened to wreck Rufus Isaacs' career only a few months before he succeeded Lord Alverstone in the distinguished office of Lord Chief Justice of England.

Through the exigencies of war, elevation to the Bench did not confine Lord Reading's activities to normal channels; and this brilliant son of Israel, who in Germany today would be prevented from earning a living at his chosen profession, became in turn Special Envoy, Ambassador, Viceroy and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. But the glamour of Lord Reading's subsequent career never dimmed the brilliant memory of his forensic triumph. It is no mean tribute to him that after twenty years he is probably still best known to the public as 'Rufus Isaacs', just as the Earldom of Birkenhead could not extinguish the title of 'F. E.'. One wonders, by the way, whether contemporaries refused as firmly, as has posterity, to recognise Viscount St. Albans otherwise than as Francis Bacon.

Mr. Justice McCardie, by Mr. George Pollock, is described on its title-page as 'a biography', but in fact contains the irreducible minimum of biographical detail. Mr. Pollock moreover arranges his material under subject-matter headings rather than in chronological order. In the result McCardie's humanity and personality are skilfully brought out and evidenced out of his own mouth. Changing straight from a stuff gown into the judicial ermine at a comparatively early age, with no intervening wearing of silk, Henry McCardie did not attract the same lime-light at the Bar as did Rufus Isaacs; but solicitors knew him as the man who probably had the greatest knowledge of English case law that any human being ever possessed, and who was endowed with an uncanny genius for laying down the tactical plans for a great legal battle. So for several years McCardie was earning as a 'junior' over £20,000 a year, before patriotic duty impelled him to accept the judicial elevation that quartered his income.

When McCardie became a Judge of the High Court at the age of 47, it seemed as near a mathematical certainty as anything depending on human personality and fate could be, that he would rise to a place in the House of ultimate appellate jurisdiction; but such was not to be.

At the outset of his career he refused to grasp at half an hour's notice the offer of a safe seat in the House of Commons and received thereby this message: 'Who can this young man be, who refuses a safe seat in Parliament? No matter who he may be, take this message to him from Joseph Chamberlain: when the ball rolls to his feet, let him kick it; it will never roll again'.

Who knows whether, if McCardie had kicked the ball then lying at his feet, he might not have become a great leader of the people in crusades of humanity and social reform? As it was, McCardie's legal acumen led him to a seat which, by its very nature, must be kept isolated from the heat of controversy inseparable from the promotion of social reforms. A judge's essential province is to declare the law as it is, leaving it to others to argue what it ought to be. Let him, however, who seeks a picture of a man endowed with an infinitely fine brain and an infinitely tender heart, read Mr. George Pollock's *Mr. Justice McCardie*. He will find it worth while.

KENNETH BROWN

Loss

Like the dark germs across the filter clean
So in the clear day of a thousand years
This dusty cloud is creeping to our eyes,

Here, as we grow, and are as we have been
Or living give for life some morning tears
The flowering hour bent and unconscious lies.

As in Vienna now, the wounded walls
Silently speak, as deep in Austria
The battered shape of man is without shade

So, time in metaphor, tomorrow falls
On Europe, Asia and America,
And houses vanish, even as they were made,

For yesterday is always sad, its nature
Darker than love would wish in every feature.

CHARLES MADGE

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Seventeenth Century Background

By Basil Willey. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

IT WOULD BE A PITY if anyone were to assume from the title of Mr. Willey's book that its appeal is exclusively to students of the seventeenth century. These 'Studies in the Thought of the Age in relation to Poetry and Religion' were, it is true, originally the substance of a course of lectures in the English School at Cambridge. And their origin, in a special sense, is unmistakable; the keen intellectual east-wind of Cambridge has swept them clean of cant and verbiage and revealed the fundamental features of a landscape over which Mr. Willey's acute and perceptive mind ranges with enviable ease. But they are much more than academic exercises for the specialist, since, in his discussion of the philosophic background of the seventeenth century, Mr. Willey has perforce had to include that general philosophic attitude to life, which transcends all such arbitrary divisions as decades and centuries, and is recognisable at any given period in what Mr. Willey, borrowing Glanvill's happy expression, calls 'climates of opinion'. No neater example of the implications contained in this phrase could be found than Mr. Willey's remark that whereas 'Bacon was pleading for science in an age dominated by religion, we are pleading for religion in an age dominated by science'. Its significance will not be lost on those who have read the recent 'popular' expositions of scientists like Eddington and Whitehead, and it is to such readers, apart from the student of the seventeenth century, that Mr. Willey's book can be recommended: and to them, undoubtedly, that the clarity and charm of his writing, even in the most 'difficult' passages, will appeal.

Mr. Willey's main purpose is to trace, throughout the seventeenth century, in the work of certain thinkers—Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Glanvill, Milton, the Cambridge Platonists and others—the philosophic quest for 'truth', the particular aspect of *the truth*, that is to say, which satisfied the appetences of those particular men at that particular time. It was a period when, in Donne's words, 'the new philosophy' was calling 'all in doubt', when the power of external authority was crumbling and men, shaking off the 'prejudice and prescription' of scholasticism, were beginning to feel a sense of 'emancipation from inadequate notions' and 'a new contact with reality'. This 'reality', which Bacon set out to confirm by experiment and which yielded up more and more of its mechanical secrets as the century advanced, was an adumbration of the mechanistic universe in which we find so little consolation today. But to Glanvill, who foretold flying and the Anglo-Indian radiotelephone, and to his contemporaries, it was a brave and marvellous new world, its potentialities still not fully explored, but every fresh discovery concerning it proclaiming the 'truth'. At first, as Mr. Willey shows in his peculiarly sympathetic study of Sir Thomas Browne, the concept of a God, reigning mysteriously in this elaborate piece of mechanism, was perfectly admissible; it was not until later that this awkward dichotomy began to call for explanation. The greater part of Mr. Willey's stimulating and closely-argued book is occupied with an account of this conflict between pictorial and conceptual thinking, of how men proved to their own satisfaction the existence of God and of the soul, and of how it was possible for Milton to write 'Paradise Lost' in such an apparently unfavourable 'climate of opinion'. In a valuable postscript on 'Wordsworth and the Locke Tradition', Mr. Willey indicates how this particular quest for 'truth', while appearing to brush poetry aside as a purely frivolous pursuit, did in fact sanction it.

The Countryman's Jewel. Edited by Marcus Woodward. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

In the sixteenth century Leonard Mascall occupied the moated grange of Plumpton under the South Downs. He lived the self-contained life of a country squire of the period, devoting himself to his establishment. He also compiled and translated books on country life; that is to say, on the whole art of life as it was then, from the sowing of corn to the baking of bread, from the tending of cattle to the making of the dish on which to eat the meat; for the unit was entirely self-dependent. Mascall's chief authority was Estienne's *Maison Rustique*, and in *The Countryman's Jewel* passages of the translation of that book are interspersed with chapters by the editor's brother, the late Arthur Woodward, giving an impression of the daily

routine of a sixteenth-century country gentleman. That ancient and modern writing should thus mate together, a simple commentary is necessary. Where the author has attempted to dramatise the scene the effect is of exposing an evanescent modern sentiment to the sturdy naivety of the old prose (you may hear it in the tone of countrymen even today). Thus in the first chapter the description of the meal is interesting, but we have already been disturbed by a breath of unreality in "Our home stands yet, I see", he said. "You have had no alarms?" "Not even an attempt to carry me off", said Amicia, "Life indeed has been dull". The 'human touch' may safely be left to the squire's own writing. Thus, of a hen-house: 'It shall have a little window right upon the east by which the pullen may come forth into the court in the morning. . . . They shall have pretie ladders by which the pullen may flie up. . . .'

These chapters of excerpts are the real interest of the book. Intermingled with such fancies as that by painting eggs you will procure coloured chickens, is a wealth of human counsel on the relations between master and men; it is a plea for the cultivation of that eye by which the organiser is distinguished. It is an eye trained to the instantaneous perception of the whole and its details. The duties of the farmer and the housewife, the management of stock, of fishponds, of bees and herbs, not omitting the 'Garden of Delight' and 'Melodious Singing Birdes', are some of the subjects of discourse, whose substance is a mixture of fantasy and fact. The moon is involved in all these mysteries; her influence is the x of the husbandman's problem. Even the employment of his leisure is provided for in this little manor community. In December 'He shall occupie himself in making a thousand pretie instruments and necessarie things of woode'. A sphere so limited becomes a thing of rare possibility to our latter day. It was not merely existence but a culture inseparable from the very making of those daily things which the machine makes now. This toilsome life was not just toil, but seeing deeply into things through the creative act. The how and where of finding some new vision of process is the cultural problem of our age. Perhaps we have but projected it into stellar space, the mystery men found in church and garden plot.

New Survey of London Life and Labour

Vol. VI: Survey of Social Conditions—Western Area. Vol VII: Street Maps of Western Area
P. S. King. 17s. 6d. each

The sixth volume in this now celebrated Survey completes the study of social conditions in London by giving for the Western half particulars similar to those already given in previous volumes for the Eastern half. The picture that emerges does not correspond to the mythical picture of the 'West End' as the residential half of London, containing the spacious homes of the wealthy. On the contrary 230,000 people, or 7 per cent. of the people who live there, were in 1929 living below the poverty line as defined by Charles Booth 40 years ago. This is, it is true, only about a third or less of the proportion of the population who used to be living below this line in Booth's West End. There has indeed been a greater reduction of poverty in the West than in the East of London during this period; and while the sum total has so greatly diminished, it has also become less concentrated and more evenly dispersed over the area as a whole. The West has fewer spots of concentrated poverty than the East, though there remain black spots in the form of slums, in Finsbury and in North Kensington, which indicate where the evil is worst. Not only has poverty declined and dispersed; what remains of it has become more closely associated with the sister-evil of unemployment, and less with the older evil of low wages. On paper, wages in 1929 looked adequate to keep away poverty in most cases. It is estimated that two-thirds of the working-class families of London as a whole had in 1929 a margin of 19s. or more per week above the minimum satisfaction of their bare needs, as defined by Booth. But many of the families whose purchasing power seems to set them well above the poverty line are dragged down towards it by the impossibility of finding suitable housing accommodation, and thereby satisfying their minimum need for decent and healthy homes. It follows, therefore, that the biggest social problem of London today is housing, and the clearance of the slums. This volume of the Survey gives much important information bearing on this problem. Rents are

on the average higher in Western than in Eastern London, but the number of persons per room (1.15) is almost the same. Finsbury is the most overcrowded borough of the West, as its neighbour Shoreditch is of the East. The new L.C.C. housing estates on the outskirts of London draw their tenants from a higher economic grade than the block dwellings in the more central area; yet as a rule only a minority of the occupants of new block dwellings are drawn from the former tenants of the demolished slum which they were intended to replace.

London no longer receives the streams of immigrants from the provinces that it used to. Today the principal movement that is taking place is the migration of industry and population from the congested central areas of London to the outskirts. From 1921 to 1931 it is estimated that about 300,000 persons migrated from London into the four adjacent counties. This subject of migration is one of a number of special studies bearing upon poverty which this volume contains. Considerable space is given to the Jewish community of London. There are now 210,000 Jews in Greater London, or over three times as many as in Booth's day. But the Jews have become more evenly dispersed than they used to be, both in locality and in occupation; they are no longer a serious factor in causing poverty in East London. Another special study is devoted to the methods of catering, marketing and cooking of the London housewife. 'If ever the time should come', it is concluded, 'when the improvement of social conditions and the further progress of education enabled and induced the average London housewife to regard it as part of her ordinary routine to afford her daughters adequate opportunities of practising at home the art of cooking which they have learned at school—the situation and outlook would be much more hopeful'. A study of mental deficiency and its connection with slums and poverty rounds off this volume, which is certainly one of the fullest and most valuable of the whole series, and is particularly timely at the present moment when the government of London has just passed into new hands.

Poland's Access to the Sea. By C. Smogorzewski Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Already the author of several works on this subject, M. Casimir Smogorzewski writes with authority on the problem of German-Polish relations. In his latest book he presents a moderate, well-reasoned, comprehensive and fully documented statement of Poland's answer to German propagandist writings and revisionist talk generally—often misinformed, however sincere—about the Polish Corridor. The first chapter fully covers the history of the Polish province of Pomorze (the so-called Corridor) and ends with a reminder of the policy of Germanisation relentlessly carried out by the Prussian Colonisation Commission between 1886 and 1914. Chapters follow on the attitude adopted by the Allied and Central Powers during the War towards Polish aspirations, and to the examination of Polish claims at the Peace Conference. The restoration of the Polish State was never in doubt, but the problem of how to give effect to the Thirteenth of President Wilson's fourteen points which 'assured a free and secure access to the sea' formed the subject of long and frequent discussions. This principle, as the writer shows, was not questioned even by those who, like Mr. Lloyd George, were anxious to limit to an exact and entirely justifiable minimum the territories of the new Poland.

The ethnological situation in Pomorze and the will of the inhabitants, as shown by the results of various elections before and since the War, receive detailed examination. But to these historical, political and ethnological arguments, which cover familiar ground, the weight of economic evidence is added. The issue becomes clear as one between German national pride and prejudice and the solid facts of the consolidation and development of the Polish nation. It is not yet appreciated, writes M. Smogorzewski, that Poland is potentially a great Power: in area and population she stands fifth among the countries of Europe. If the present rate of increase is maintained, the population will by 1950 have grown to forty millions and by 1975 to fifty millions.

The economic and financial reconstruction of Poland, the development of its industries, agriculture, trade, railways, ports and shipping are the subject of several chapters, packed with essential statistics and maps. Danzig, Gdynia and the problem of their relations receive special consideration (though the author skates over the question of the preferential dues and freight rates recently enjoyed by the latter port). Briefly, the lesson to be drawn from these economic chapters is that Germany, by her policy of boycott and direct and indirect obstruction, has challenged that

indomitable Polish spirit which kept the national idea alive during the period of foreign domination.

Final chapters refute German complaints regarding the difficulties of communications with East Prussia and its sufferings which, though not denied, are shown not to be due to the creation of the Corridor. Complete with numerous maps, statistical tables and bibliographical references, this book may be recommended as a moderate statement of the Polish view regarding the Corridor, supported by a competent survey of the economic restoration and reconstruction of the Polish State.

The Restoration Theatre. By Montague Summers Kegan Paul. 15s.

After forty years devoted to the study of Restoration drama (1660—1700) and its theatre, Mr. Summers, having given us editions of some of the major dramatists, presents us with this bulky, well-illustrated book as a first instalment of an extensive work. This volume, extremely valuable to the scholar and student, but quite unreadable for the general run, is 'an account of the technique of the playwrights of Charles II and the practical staging of plays in the Restoration theatre'. Mr. Summers' erudition is enormous, and to achieve it he has read, with careful attention to every detail of performance, even the most discouraging examples of Restoration drama. The motive which has prompted him to this vast labour is clearly that of love, for his hope that this work will prevent glaring inaccuracies and misconceptions from appearing in future works on the stage or in biographies is likely to be disappointed, as he himself fears. One would like to think that it might procure more intelligent production of plays of the period, but this would involve structural alteration of our theatres; and though, as Mr. Summers says, there are slight indications that we may break back from our present 'picture' stage to one which presents the advantages of the old, especially the great one of proscenium doors, the change seems a long way off. But at all events, to those who read the plays of the period, using their imaginations to see what would happen before their eyes in the theatre—which is the only right way to read plays—this book will be very helpful. If we know the construction of the stage, it is far easier to follow what happens, how people got on and off it, what use was made of flats, of drop-scenes, of balconies, doors and trap-doors, what was acted on the apron, and a hundred and one other things. It is well to remember, for instance, that the curtain was raised at the beginning of the play, and usually not dropped till after the epilogue. A close study such as this, involving the ransacking of hundreds of copies of plays, has never been carried out to this degree, and probably never will be again.

The book, divided into seven chapters, is not all concerned with the stage: the first gives an account of announcements and advertisements, very necessary for understanding many allusions; then we are taken on to the audience, to stage construction, realism, scenery and costume: we learn how and when the epilogue was spoken, in fact there is not much we do not know by the time we have got through the book, if we can really keep our attention fixed. For it is so crammed with references and names of plays, we are so rapidly moved about from one thing to another, that it is impossible to read the book consecutively, or to find our way easily. For instance, though the most terrible fate seems certain for us (so scorching is Mr. Summers' scorn for ignorance) if we believe that the Restoration theatre had a back-cloth, yet for the life of me I cannot find out what it did have at the back of the stage. No doubt the information is tucked away somewhere.

Like all Mr. Summers' books, this one is marred by excessive virulence against other workers in the same field; only the dead are allowed any honour, though Mr. Summers cannot avoid quoting Dr. W. J. Lawrence, Professor Allardyce Nicoll, whose *Restoration Drama* contains almost as much essential information, and is far clearer and more readable than this book, is completely ignored. Nor can one help being irritated by the claims Mr. Summers makes for himself. The late revival of interest in Restoration Drama is by no means due to him alone, as he suggests: it is due partly to certain similarities in the times, partly to Gosse, partly to the Mermaid editions; and if one man can claim credit for having set the ball rolling, it is probably Mr. John Palmer, whose *Comedy of Manners* fascinated lovers of the drama before they had ever heard of Mr. Summers. We are all grateful to the latter for the part he took in the Phoenix performances, though we shudder at the recollection of his Renaissance production of 'The White Devil', where so much Webster was sacrificed to stage effects as to make the play incomprehen-

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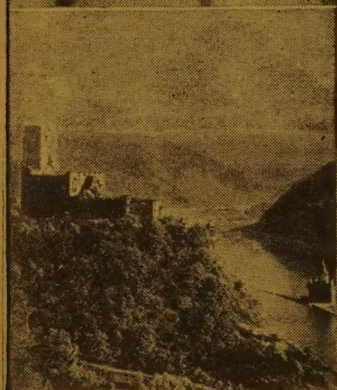
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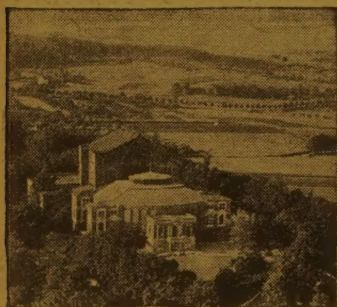
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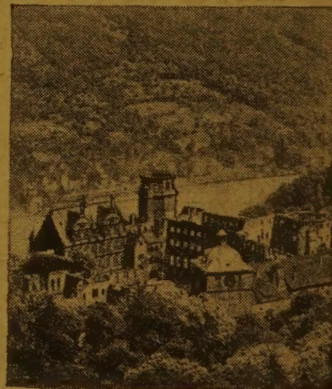
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sible. The continual girding at others is wearisome in the extreme, and it is not at all certain that the editor of the *None-such Dryden* is in a position to throw stones at others for inaccuracy.

These irrelevances are added to. Mr. Summers, we know, can never refuse a chance of denigrating Shaftesbury, who died, we would remind him, even before Queen Anne. Vanbrugh's account of how Powell was drunk at the first performance of 'The Relapse' does not seem to have much to do with the context, and what connection a picture of Baliol Holloway and Edith Evans in 'The Maid's Tragedy' may have with any part of the book baffles conjecture. And if, as he states, he hates the short sentence school, it is not altogether easy for us to like some of his clotted periods, made thicker still by words nobody nowadays dreams of using. But in spite of all this the book remains valuable and vivid, with its descriptions of performances, of the orange-wench, of the peculating box-office keepers. It is illuminating as a social study as well as a theatrical one; it is, as already stated, essential for the student (though much of the matter is familiar), and a monument of erudition.

Byzantine Architecture and Decoration

By J. Arnott Hamilton. Batsford. 18s.

Mr. Hamilton's small book deals principally with the architecture; for mosaics and wall-paintings, though individual examples are mentioned in the text, receive no discussion of a critical or stylistic character. It is with the architecture that the author is most familiar, and to this the volume constitutes a thoroughly useful handbook. After briefly treating in the first

three chapters with the main problems which beset the subject, Mr. Hamilton discusses, in greater detail, each of the regions where buildings of Byzantine character are to be found. This is the most useful part of the book, for though it adds little original information to our knowledge, it constitutes an excellent summary and makes available in a handy manner a great deal of material which is otherwise much scattered and often difficult of access. The word 'Byzantine' is used in its widest sense, and in addition to the central region (Constantinople, Asia Minor, Greece, the Balkans, and in early times, Italy), outlying areas such as Mesopotamia, the Caucasus, Syria, Egypt, Russia, Sicily and France are discussed. The results produced in Sicily by an inter-mixture of Byzantine, Moslem and Western elements are interestingly dealt with and illustrated. A few criticisms of detail may be made. Thus Creswell's great work on Early Moslem architecture is so much concerned with Byzantine work in Syria and with the numerous problems of construction and origins that it should not have been omitted from the bibliography. Only the nave mosaics in the church of St. Demetrius at Salonica were destroyed in the fire of 1917; those depicting the Saint, founders and other figures on the piers of the apse were unharmed (see page 37). The mosaic at Murano is in the apse and depicts the Virgin, standing tall and erect, with her hands before her, not Christ escorted by martyrs as stated (page 149). Finally, some of the names seem to be spelt in an unnecessarily difficult and unfamiliar manner; e.g., Serbistan for Sarvistan, Gerome for Guereme, and Cuphic for Kufic. Sasanian is now the generally accepted spelling, not Sassanian. The illustrations are well chosen and produced, and they show a great deal of unfamiliar material to advantage.

Science Up to Date

The Progress of Science. By J. G. Crowther. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

MR. CROWTHER has written an important and valuable book. He has taken the trouble to familiarise himself with several of the big contemporary researches in physics, chemistry and biology; and he has both talent and experience in describing and discussing them. His method of presentation is not over 'popular'; it is, indeed, still a little too much on the academic side. But he is clear, accurate and fair in everything he writes, and he has taken pains to make himself understood both by word and illustration. Chiefest of all he has real perceptions of what is important. He devotes the first chapter of the book to the work on the artificial disintegration of light atoms which has amazed even the most imaginative and optimistic of the camp-followers of physics and has led to the discovery of the neutron, the positive electron, the heavy atom of hydrogen which weighs 2 and, since the book came out, to the heavy atom of hydrogen which weighs 3. This is the first informed but popular account of this subject appearing in English in book form.

In three great laboratories: in Cambridge, at Berkeley near San Francisco, and in Paris, work on atomic disintegration is now proceeding apace. The targets are the atoms of the lightest elements: lithium, beryllium, boron, carbon and nitrogen. The projectiles are the even lighter nuclei of hydrogen or diplogen or helium or the neutron. On very rare occasions the projectile hits the target in so vital a way that it is 'captured'. Then several things may happen. A nucleus of hydrogen or of helium may emerge or a neutron or a positive electron may break off. Whatever happens, a new element has been made and sometimes it shows surprising new properties. Since this book was published a radioactive atom of nitrogen has been produced in Paris from an atom of beryllium. Later in Cambridge the same radioactive atom was produced from an atom of carbon. These results could not be believed in by scientists who stopped their studies as recently as 1931; but those who are inside the subject know that they are all right and that they are the earnest of even greater things.

The author next describes the life and scientific work in two of the large Continental laboratories he has visited: the Institute of Theoretical Physics at Copenhagen presided over by Professor Neils Bohr and a similar institute at Kharkov in Soviet Russia. These first-hand accounts are very interesting. They show that there is the same kind of scientific spirit and the same kind of human beings in these places, widely different as their surroundings are in tradition and politics. Leaving atoms and radiation, the author next proceeds to the other end of scale: to the stars and the universe. The theory of Lemaitre and the recent theory of Professor Milne on the expanding universe are carefully discussed. This is, I think, the first popular account of the latter theory. Milne starts from purely 'classical' ideas. Unlike the others he does not even assume that space is curved; He dispenses with the thrills of expanding space; he needs

little more than the old fixed space which Euclid introduced us to at school and which has served us nobly in ordinary life since. Professor Milne's other novel theory, that of the constitution of the stars which Mr. Crowther thinks even more interesting is also well described.

He then comes to the cosmic rays. Twenty years ago German workers sent balloons into the upper air to investigate this penetrating radiation, but few paid any attention to the results. Now when a balloon ascends to the stratosphere for a like purpose it is topical news. Several expeditions have been recently organised to investigate the changes in intensity of the rays at different heights from the sea and at different latitudes, and Professor Regener has carried out important and painstaking experiments at different depths in Lake Constance. Nevertheless the most illuminating results have been obtained in the peace of the laboratory. The rays are mostly particles of great energy and consequently penetrating power. At sea-level about half of them are electrons and half the recently discovered positive electrons.

Diplogen, the subject of the next chapter, is a form of hydrogen with an atom weighing 2 instead of the conventional 1. Its origin, although not its name, is American. Its existence was first predicted in the United States; shortly afterwards it was detected and finally produced there in large quantity by a method which is amazingly efficient. Diplogen, or 'deuterium' as it is called in America, has proved a godsend to physicists and chemists in search of work to do. To the chemist it is virtually a new element and that means new properties. It behaves in chemical compounds just sufficiently similarly to hydrogen to give the chemist a lead, and to make a comparison exciting, and yet just sufficiently differently to arouse interest and wonder. The physicist finds diplogen most useful as a missile. When it is 'captured' by the nucleus of lithium two nuclei of helium result; when it is captured by the nucleus of boron three helium nuclei result. No conjuror producing a bird when we expected a sixpenny-piece ever produced anything so amazing as these and similar atomic transformations.

In the final three chapters Mr. Crowther turns from the natural to the biological sciences. His subjects are the chemistry of evolution, human heredity and pernicious anaemia. These he makes as interesting as the others. In the first he deals with biochemical problems of different kinds; he gives, in particular, an account of Dr. Joseph Needham's book on chemical embryology and of Mr. Astbury's X-ray work on fibres. In the second, largely influenced by the works of Professor J. B. S. Haldane and Professor Hogben, he discusses various aspects of human heredity. In the third he summarises the recent work done in overcoming or minimising the disease of pernicious anaemia and shows its true relation to what has gone before.

A. S. RUSSELL

French Literature of Today

Has the French Novel 'Fallen'?

THE *Times Literary Supplement* of February 2 opened a leading article on 'The French Novel' with the following astounding statements: 'It is an open secret that in the last few decades the French novel has fallen from its proud European pre-eminence. . . the change began in the later 'nineties of the last century. It is no longer a love-story, no longer the history of a crisis in the life of an individual. Its sphere of interest moves in a different orbit. Like so many other things, the French novel now cares principally for the collective'. I do not profess to understand what 'Like so many other things' means. But the rest is frankly nonsense.

The whole of Balzac, *La Comédie Humaine*, 'cares for the collective'; Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* 'cares for the collective'; Emile Zola's *Rougon-Macquart* 'cares for the collective'. And they all came before this century.

As for the 'open secret', it seems to me that the great literary event since the War has been the advent of Proust. It is now the fashion slightly to sneer at Proust. But it is easier to sneer at him than to understand him: and he was also quite good at sneering. (May I mention here, *en passant*, that the celebrated Scott-Moncrieff translation is a very bad translation? It reads well if you do not know, or understand, the French; but it contains thousands of the most obvious blunders; and many passages were simply not understood by the translator. If anybody is interested, I shall willingly bring forward the facts.) Now Proust is well within 'the last few decades'. But also within the same period we have had Anatole France's best work; and Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, which is now undeservedly put aside by the critics, but which is as alive as ever with the reading public all over the world.

Of Proust's work it cannot be said that it is not a love story. *Un Amour de Swann* is the preliminary key to the whole series, and the Marcel-Albertine affair supplies the main motive from *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles* onwards. That there are many things besides love in Proust is well known—but it has always been so in the novel: in Balzac for instance. But has there perhaps been a falling off in the French novel after Proust? That would be at least part of a decade. The anonymous writer of *The Times* refers himself to the 'genius of Marcel Proust' (a phrase which is enough to annihilate his opening statement). Men of genius are not very frequent. Personally I would not even apply the word 'genius' to Flaubert, for instance. We cannot then expect to have a great many novelists of genius in the same period; that is not a sufficient reason to proclaim the fall of the French novel.

And yet some people would call André Gide a genius—and he is still at the top of his powers. And what is wrong with François Mauriac? Is he not a good novelist? And are we to forget also André Maurois? *Climats* and *Le Cercle de Famille* are very good novels indeed. Jules Romains' *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* is certainly a piece of work which keeps everyone anxious to see the next volume. And what of Giono, of Montherlant, of Malraux, of Chamson? Of many others? I cannot see the meaning of the phrase that the French novel has 'fallen'. It is not less good after the War, nor less good than at the time of Zola. If it has 'fallen from its proud European pre-eminence', it must then be that the other nations of Europe have produced such excellent novels that the French novelists have paled into insignificance, relatively. That would be a very welcome event, since it would not deprive us of the good of the French novel (and thus the word 'fallen' would still be inappropriate, since it would not be the French that had fallen, but the others that had risen) and it would add to our pleasures from elsewhere. And certainly there have been great novelists elsewhere. For instance, I consider Franz Kafka a first rank novelist. And he was a Prague Jew who wrote in German. Thomas Mann is a very good writer too, although I would certainly not place him with

Proust. In England, Lawrence and Joyce are as good, or even better, than any French contemporary—always with the exception of Proust. But I would not say that the most patriotic Englishman, or German, or Russian at that, could reasonably contend that the French novel has been put in the shade by the production of any other nation since the War. Kafka seems to me probably the only European writer whose performance can balance that of Proust.

Leaving aside the consideration of great names, it seems to me also that the craftsmanship in the novel is generally higher in France than elsewhere. The standard of writing, of characterisation, of plot building, is certainly higher than in England. Compare Maurois' *Le Cercle de Famille* with any of Galsworthy's novels. Maurois writes French better than Galsworthy writes English; Maurois is more careful of incident and character. Take even a first class writer like Lawrence: his characterisation is generally great—but how chaotic his plots, how unequal his style. Some pages are the most magnificent English—some are lamentable. This failure to maintain a reasonably high level all through a work of art is a very serious fault. Many writers profess to sneer at such an ideal, but they lie open to the accusation that the grapes are sour. It is generally admitted that the French care more than other nations for the maintenance of such standards. Reason is on their side.

All lovers of both the French and the English language (and in such loves it is difficult to be exclusive, as the one passion helps the other so much) will welcome Harrap's French-English dictionary. It is an immense book, of over 900 folio pages, edited by J. E. Mansion and the result of the work of a devoted team. It has taken many years to compile, and it will take its place with the great among dictionaries. There is nothing at all like it on the market. It boasts of two new features: a great technical vocabulary, ranging from commerce to radio and aircraft engineering, and a capacity to translate into the current language instead of into antiquated literary expressions. It must have faults, since everything has faults, and long use will reveal them, no doubt; but on a first acquaintance I have not found them. Here is a specimen article:

FRAIS², *s.m.pl.* Expenses, cost. FAUX FRAIS, (i) incidental, contingent, expenses; contingencies, (ii) *Jur.*: untaxable costs. MENUS FRAIS, (i) petty expenses, (ii) pocket money. *F. d'un procès*, costs of a law-suit. ETRE CONDAMNÉ AUX FRAIS, to be ordered to pay costs, to have costs given against one. FAIRE LES FRAIS DE QCH., to bear the cost, the expense, of sth. *Supporter tous les f. d'une entreprise*, to finance an undertaking. FAIRE, COUVRIRE, SES FRAIS, (i) to cover one's expenses, to get back one's money, one's outlay, (ii) to get out of a transaction without loss, (iii) (of an enterprise) to pay its way. FAIRE LES FRAIS DE LA CONVERSATION, (i) to contribute a large share of the talk, (ii) to be the subject of the conversation. *Faire tous les f. de la conversation*, to do all the talking. *Le golf et le bridge font les f. du repas*, golf and bridge supply conversation for the meal, keep the meal going. FAIRE QCH. À SES FRAIS, to do sth. at one's own expense. See also DÉPENS 2. A GRANDS FRAIS, À PEU DE FRAIS, at great, at little cost. *S'outiller à grands f.*, to equip oneself at great cost. SE METTRE EN FRAIS, to go to expense. *Ne vous mettez pas en f. pour elle*, do not put yourself out for her. *Se mettre en f. pour plaire*, to lay oneself out to please. FAIRE DES FRAIS, to lay oneself out to please. NE FAITES PAS DE FRAIS POUR LE DÎNER, don't run to any expense over the dinner. J'EN SUIS POUR MES FRAIS, I've had all my trouble for nothing, I've got nothing for my pains, I've had my labour for my pains. *Adm.*: *F. de bureau*, office allowance. *F. de représentation*, entertainment allowance. *Com.*: FRAIS GÉNÉRAUX, trade expenses, overhead expenses. *Compte de f. généraux*, charges account. *F. divers*, sundry charges, sundries. *Total des f. effectués*, total expenses incurred. EXEMPT DE FRAIS, SANS FRAIS, (i) free of charge, (ii) (on bill) no expenses. *Ind.*: *etc.*: *F. d'installation*, initial expenses. *F. de matériel*, expenses of upkeep. *Mil.*: *F. de route*, travel allowance. *Sch.*: *Frais scolaires*, school fees. AUX FRAIS DE L'UNIVERSITÉ, *sumptibus Academiae*. See also CHALAND¹, DÉPLACEMENT², PILOTAGE³ I, REMORQUAGE.

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